ETHIOPIA NEIL G. KOTLER

THE NATION

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Taps, Bugs & Spies

ANYTHING TO GET HOFFA

FRED J. COOK

Week of the Angry Arts

CURTIS HARNACK

MAX KOZLOFF • DENISE LEVERTOV

U.S. Civil Service

Washington's Bland Bondage

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

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LETTERS

phone call

Lexington, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: A measure of the seriousness of the "credibility gap" resulting from President Johnson's foreign policy can be obtained by considering a perfectly possible event: suppose one of our bombing planes patrolling in Europe wandered from its course, due to human or technical failure, onto Russian territory, crashed near a town, and one of the bombs exploded. (Admittedly, this is a chain of highly improbable events—but Palomares, last year, taught us how events can infringe on the improbable.)

One of the functions of "credibility" is to provide a margin of protection against the dangers of just such improbable, but not inconceivable, events. But imagine, after such an explosion, the telephone call over the "hot line" to President Johnson by, say, Mr. Brezhnev. The President, undoubtedly, would strive to reassure his caller. But Mr. Brezhnev, as an official responsible to his own people, would have to measure those assurances in the light of our many recent protestations of innocence that have been belied by facts; and of our peace feelers accompanied by acts of escalation. What value could he assign to these predictable protestations? . . .

Add to the costs of the Vietnamese War, via the "credibility gap": a decrease in the protective value of the "hot line."

Armand Siegel

hang on to Lyndon

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The throes of California at this stage lead me to worry about the recent trends in liberal thought as exemplified in your pages. Many of us were lukewarm about Governor Brown, as you have been about President Johnson. We now have Reagan. Perhaps it is time for all liberals to rally around the President and bury our differences lest we have a Reagan on the national scene. Believe us Californians, there is a difference!

In other words, a few less critical remarks re Vietnam, etc. A few more words on the patience and moderation of the President, and his wisdom in internal affairs. We in the West now know the alternative. . . .

W. H. Spooner

befuddlement

Regina, Sask., Canada

DEAR SIRS: Inasmuch as Allen Guttmann said in his review of *Say That We Saw Spain Die* [*The Nation*, Jan. 16]: "Because any appreciation of Marxism is likely these days to bring accusatory letters, I should add that I am not a Marxist," I feel compelled to write an "accusatory letter." . . .

To paraphrase Albert Fowler in his article, "The Death of Liberalism," in the November, 1966, *Fellowship*, if liberalism received its death blow at the hands of the warfare state, it can be argued that the warfare state came into being because of the failure of an already stricken liberalism to deal effectively with the myth which was allowed to grow over the past few decades that Marxism and/or communism was "the enemy."

Poverty, disease, illiteracy, discrimination—i.e., colonialism, both at home and abroad—fostered by *capitalism*, not communism, is "the enemy," and as long as the Allen Guttmanns of this world contribute to the befuddlement of the people by remarks such as the above, we in the so-called liberal democracies will not get about the business of change which is necessary.

Milnor Alexander

EDITORIALS

The Swinging Senator

"They've got the money," said Sen. Robert F. Kennedy at the close of the controversy over the Manchester book, "and we've got the public relations problem." In a possible reaction to the public relations problem, the Senator then departed for a quick tour of European capitals—London, Paris, Bonn, Rome (and the Vatican) —and way stations. At Oxford he received a standing ovation; and everywhere (such is the charm of his personality, in transition from boyhood to middle age) he was well received and well headlined. His image began to glow again, and the improvement may be reflected in the upcoming popularity polls.

From the standpoint of peacemaking, however, the Kennedy mission was less successful. In this phase of the trip Mr. Kennedy may have had the purest intentions—"Blessed are the peacemakers"—but on the topic of Vietnam he was as cautious and evasive as George Romney. If he was going to be critical of his country, he said, he would be critical not in Europe but in Washington. By the time he reached Bonn, however, he was a mite critical, like a swimmer dipping his toe in chilly water. "We"—meaning the Johnson Administration—had not sufficiently pondered what we were going to negotiate about. Asked whether the United States should demand guarantees from Hanoi before halting the bombing of North Vietnam, he said coyly that perhaps his own position was somewhat different from that of the U.S. Government, and that he had entertained "some serious reservations about the military usefulness of the bombing in any case." He did not say he disapproved of the bombing, or that he approved. By repeating what almost everyone has already said about its military effectiveness he was on safe ground.

What got him the headlines was his statement at Oxford that he thought the next three weeks would be "critical, crucial weeks." If the Senator was not just talking through his hat, this remark indicated that he knew something that hardly anyone else knew. Coupled with his trip to Paris, where General de Gaulle has been urging Washington to stop beating up the little brown brothers in Vietnam, all the signs and portents now pointed to the Senator as a messenger of peace. The notion that Kennedy was indeed the key figure in a prospective settlement of the war was fostered—but only briefly—by *Newsweek*'s story that he was bringing back a French-sponsored, three-point peace formula.

The reason for the quick disillusionment was that the *Newsweek* story originated from a high but mysterious source in Washington. That this source had a pipe line to the White House was almost a foregone conclusion. A combined Kennedy-de Gaulle peace coup would be about as welcome to President Johnson as a nuclear bomb

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dropped on 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. His dislike for both the Senator and the General is no secret. When they enter into a cooperative peace coup, or seem to, the Presidential blood pressure is bound to rise. The *Newsweek* coup was a skillful piece of deflation. Even if Kennedy had a message, he would be forced to deny it. In any case, the suspicion would grow that he had nothing specific, but was just maneuvering to keep himself in the headlines.

The President put the Senator in his place by first having him talk to Under Secretary of State Katzenbach; only then did he grant the messenger of peace a Presidential interview. That Senator and President buried any personal differences in this meeting may be doubted. That peace was brought any nearer by the Kennedy journey and its attendant speeches is equally unlikely.

What the episode does reveal, not for the first time, is the weakness of the top echelons of the State Department—in particular the paucity of ideas and initiative coming from the Secretary himself. He expresses himself succinctly, but he has been saying the same thing for all these years, and everybody is tired of it. He tells us that he and Mr. Johnson yearn passionately for peace, but the North Vietnamese must be taught to let their neighbors alone. We will stop bombing if they will stop infiltrating. Then we can all gather around the peace table and we will take them apart there instead of on the battlefield.

It almost makes one excuse the Kennedy play for the headlines. If, in his present frustrated state, he could bring himself to make an unequivocal move for peace, the nation would be in his debt. His speech at the University of Chicago on China offers some hope that he may now find time and courage to address himself to the issues in Vietnam.

No Two Sides

There are, as the saying goes, two sides to every question, but occasionally one side is so frail that its existence may be doubted. There is really nothing pertinent to be said against the proposed Soviet-American consular treaty now before the Senate. The deluge of "hate mail" on Senatorial desks merely uses the treaty as a warning to the legislators that no easing of East-West tensions will be tolerated. If the treaty fails of ratification, all efforts in this direction might as well be given up, at least in this session of Congress, and probably in the next as well.

The notion that the treaty, if put into effect, would release an army of Soviet spies on the United States belongs in a pulp magazine, not in the deliberations of the U.S. Senate. The treaty does not provide for the opening of consulates, either Soviet consulates in the United States or U.S. consulates in the Soviet Union. The treaty only sets up the machinery for doing so. The Johnson Administration could open consulates now but without

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the reciprocal guarantees and sanctions which the treaty would provide. Nor is the idea of expanding consular representation of Democratic origin. The proposal originated with President Eisenhower, and has been hanging fire since he laid it before Congress some fourteen years ago.

J. Edgar Hoover complains that his spy hunters would be overwhelmed by the Soviet officials imported to man the consulates. Undoubtedly some of their consular officials would spy at every opportunity, as would ours in the Soviet Union. About a dozen people in each consulate might be in a position to do effective snooping, and there might be one or two Soviet consulates in the United States. This would not be much of an increment to the approximately 400 Russian diplomats now accredited to the United States, some of whom are gathering legitimate intelligence, some of whom are stepping over the indistinct line which separates allowable intelligence activities from those proscribed.

The chief purpose of the treaty is to protect U.S. citizens who travel in the Soviet Union. The Soviets can now arrest an American tourist and are under no obligation to report the fact to our officials. The treaty provides for notification after no more than three days, and for visits by consular officials to the person arrested. We accord these rights to Soviet citizens, but at present there is no reciprocity. Since some 18,000 Americans visited the Soviet Union last year, this is no slight matter.

The President has supported the treaty, but in a rather feeble manner. His objective seems to be rather to get a fringe benefit for himself in the form of a split among Republicans. The most vigorous support for the treaty has in fact come from liberal Republicans like Thruston Morton and George Aiken. Irreconcilable opposition has come from Senators like Karl Mundt, whose horror of any easing of East-West tensions goes back to the anti-Bolshevik frenzy of the 1920s. But the chief opposition is not American at all. It comes, as Senator Aiken has pointed out, from certain *émigré* groups, such as those that, on every occasion, fill literally hundreds of pages of the *Congressional Record* with boiler plate extolling the "captive nations" and excoriating the Soviet Union and the Eastern European nations. This is a well-financed, continuing operation. If it were exercised on behalf of Communist countries, it would have been hacked to pieces by HUAC and kindred investigative and propaganda bodies decades ago. But because it appeals to anti-Communist sentiment, Congressmen fawn upon its lobbyists and put the *Congressional Record* at their service. One would think that the Ukrainians, Estonians, et al., were laying down the guidelines for U.S. foreign policy. It would be much to the point, in connection with their present onslaught on the consular treaty, to learn where their organizational financing originates. It would also be a good opportunity for the United States to rid itself of these political scolds.

'Poor Power'

There are 34 million impoverished people in the country, of whom 7.4 million are on welfare. Three hundred of the latter met in Washington recently (the National Welfare Rights meeting) to devise better ways of organizing the rest. It may seem that 300 is a pretty small fraction of 7 million, but the organizational meetings of Dr. Martin Luther King's bus boycotters in Montgomery, Ala., in what now seems like an ancient era, were no larger. In fact, the 300 at the Welfare Rights conference represented about 10,000 organized welfare recipients across the country, and the movement is spreading swiftly, fired by almost intolerable conditions. In Mississippi, some people on welfare get as little as $8 a month. In Ohio, $2.50 is sometimes allotted for a child's winter coat. In New York, prices go up drastically on "check day" in grocery stores serving the poor. In Philadelphia, a couple and eight children are expected to survive on $198 a month—a fairly typical concept of "welfare" as uncovered at this convention.

There are three times as many impoverished whites as blacks in the country, but the percentage of Negro poor is three times higher. The welfare movement is not entirely without a racial tone, but it is not primarily an adjunct of black power. Whites are welcome. The rallying cry is something that has not been heard since the 1930s and, before that, in the old Populist movement —"poor power." Negroes dominate because, more than whites, they are aware that for them welfare is likely to be a permanent way of life, and they are more eager to set their shelf in order. There is a Dostoevsky-like naturalism about a convention whose highest aim is to achieve reasonable poverty, but that was precisely the goal in this instance. These poor are demanding that all states be required to give welfare grants that would bring the recipients up to the federal "poverty line," or, failing in that, permit the welfare recipients to work enough to bring their income up to the poverty level without losing welfare money as a penalty for working. Other demands are modest enough: that the federal surplus foods program be available in every state (Mississippi wants to get rid of the program in order to starve out unneeded black farm workers, whom it already openly offers free bus tickets to Northern and Western states), and to require all states to provide aid to dependent children (only twenty-one states give this aid at present).

Unlike the civil rights movement—which these people speak of in the past tense, accepting it as dead—the welfare rights movement has no delusions about brotherhood as a quiescent but arousable passion in the bosom of the white man. Dr. George Wiley, former associate professor of chemistry at Syracuse University and former associate national director of CORE, is the leader of the Welfare Rights movement. He was boisterously applauded when he said, "If we learned anything from the civil rights

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movement, it is that it is a mistake to think the liberals and moderates would grant what we are entitled to once the Negro stood up and demanded his rights."

It is a brave venture, launched on the theory that the organization can be held together with dues squeezed out of people who already do not have nearly enough. Wiley put his followers on notice that "we are going to have to organize independently of churches, unions, poverty programs." *The New York Times*' A. H. Raskin recently predicted that one of the top priorities on Walter Reuther's schedule, now that he has freed himself from Meany's drag, will be the organization of the poor. If this is true, it is news to Wiley, who has had no offers of help from labor. Even less does he expect help from the Office of Economic Opportunity, which Wiley contends is doing what it can to frustrate all organizing by the poor themselves.

The convention leaders asked President Johnson for an audience, but not only did he turn them down, he refused to let them talk to any member of the White House staff.

It was no disappointment. The officials of this movement expect nothing that is not forced from the Establishment. They hope eventually to have the strength to squeeze. Now they've scattered to their twenty-five states, their seventy cities, to recruit. The potential is there. As one woman put it fiercely, "We've got more po' folks than Johnson's got rich folks." That's the way they talked. Not "the President," and never "President Johnson." Niceties are for people who can afford them. These people are broke, angry, desperate and active.

The Arms Sales Racket

The Nation has been hammering away at the arms-sales program of the Department of Defense so long that, more than once, we have felt like apologizing to our readers for harping on an issue that seemed to agitate no one else (see "Kuss of Death," January 24, 1966, which referred to four earlier editorials on the subject, and "Arms-Twisting Arms Salesmen," June 20, 1966). Now, thanks largely to the efforts of Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy, the staff of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has issued an excellent report on the program. Again and again the public has been assured that no arms sales are made without careful checks. But the staff report indicates that sales have been largely immune from policy considerations—except as the Department of Defense determines foreign policy. The Arms Control and Disarmament Agency does not sit at the high table; the State Department's Office of Munitions Control has had virtually no influence over these transactions. In this field, as in many others, State is the tail wagged by Defense.

The arms-peddling program was instituted under the Mutual Security Act of 1957 with a $15 million fund which soon became a revolving fund and hence a permanent fixture of the defense setup. With success, it grew to $300 million. The legislation was amended, some years ago, to place a total government guarantee behind the sales—a guarantee of market, of profit, even of collection if the credit of the buyer was dubious. What manufacturer could ask for more? With the exception of a few vigilant voices, Congress allowed this program to expand without inquiring into the reasons for it or checking up on the consequences (as in the India-Pakistan flare-up or, more recently, in the Middle East). J. K. Galbraith explains this remarkable lassitude as "the curious obtuseness which excessive preoccupation with cold-war strategy produces in otherwise excellent minds." The recommendations in the staff report, if adopted, should bring this irresponsible arms-peddling program under proper control. The report is one more welcome indication that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee is beginning to win back for the Senate a larger role in the formation and conduct of foreign policy.

The Bentley Award

The appropriateness of presenting the George Jean Nathan Award for Dramatic Criticism to Eric Bentley is so obvious as to require almost no comment. Not only is Mr. Bentley one of the most stimulating of critics; he is also so effectively engaged in teaching, translating, editing and directing as almost to comprise a theatre movement in his single person. He could as suitably have received this recognition in any of the past six years since the award was founded, but we are pleased for him that its $4,000 comes at a moment when he is going on leave from Columbia University to carry out ventures in the theatre which he has had in mind for some time.

The first George Jean Nathan Award was made to Harold Clurman; its presentation to Mr. Bentley gives us the illusion that *The Nation* has been honored a second time. Over the years, we have come to think of him as the voice in our wings: the phone rings, a batch of clippings falls on our desk, a poem is offered, a letter beginning "Sirs:" takes us to task. It is Eric Bentley tipping us off, adding zest to our propositions, rapping our knuckles—and in whatever role showing an intense interest in what we say and how we say it.

It is an illusion, though, to suppose that this shows in Bentley any special concern for *The Nation*—he conducts himself with the same committed energy toward many of the contemporary journals of news and debate. He does so out of a conviction that men of letters, artists and critics, have a duty of citizenship to participate in the critical issues of their day. Bentley is English by birth and education, and his attitude is more common in Great Britain. We wish it would grow here, and that to encourage it someone would offer an Eric Bentley Award for men of letters who contribute usefully to the political, social and ethical dialogue of their day.

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The Fighting Johnsons

When President Johnson was on his wild-swinging Far East tour, he stopped off in Korea to cheer the troops and it was there, in at least one speech, he made the claim that his great-grandfather died at the Alamo—that most sacred battle in Texas' war for independence from Mexico, a battle in which about 180 defenders (different historians give varying figures) died to the man. A Texas politician lucky enough to have had a relative at the Alamo would never pass up an opportunity to mention it. But not until 1966 did President Johnson make the claim. Why? Marquis Childs, reporting the incident, put the reason with gentlemanly subtlety: "This came as news to the Texas reporters" who heard the speech.

Now it seems that *ad hoc* history is taking hold. On January 15, James Reston of *The New York Times* wrote that Johnson is ". . . as idealistic as Wilson at Versailles and *as savage as his grandfather at the Alamo.*"

The Nation wishes to do what it can to keep the ancestry of President Johnson inviolate from myth, and to that end points out the following: One of the President's grandfathers, Sam Ealy Johnson, Sr., was born in 1838, two years after the Alamo fell, and his other grandfather, Joseph Baines, was born "in the mid-1840s." Two Johnsons were killed at the Alamo but it would have been impossible for either of them to be his great-grandfather, since they died two years before the older of his grandfathers was born.

Just in case the history books referred to had goofed, *The Nation* telephoned Booth Mooney, LBJ's authorized biographer (*The Lyndon Johnson Story*) to inquire if he had ever heard Johnson mention this mysterious fighting ancestor. He hadn't.

This is not to disparage the President's ancestral ties to Texas history. After all, he did have a great-great-Uncle Bunton who fought at the battle of San Jacinto.

TAPS, BUGS & SPIES

ANYTHING TO GET HOFFA

FRED J. COOK
Mr. Cook is the author of many important articles for The Nation.

In an era when only power counts, the long jungle warfare between James R. Hoffa and the U.S. Department of Justice has gone into a new, stimulating, and sometimes hilarious phase. It might be called, considering the government's protestations of hurt innocence, the Case of the Wire-Tapping Gremlins; it involves, among other things, the spectacle of J. Edgar Hoover's chosen heir apparent, Cartha DeLoch, with his foot in his mouth; and most of this can be attributed to a verity of modern American ethics: $200,000 in one pot will always outweigh a steady gratuity of $200 a month.

When the U.S. Supreme Court last December upheld his 1964 Chattanooga conviction for jury tampering, Hoffa let it be known that $200,000 in reward money awaited the man who could prove that his telephone lines had been tapped and his hotel premises bugged during that very period in 1964 when he was trying to consult with his attorneys and defend himself against the government's jury-tampering charges.

This munificent offer lured into the open one Benjamin David (Bud) Nichols, of Heiskell, Tenn., an expert in electronic gadgetry, who deposes that for the past ten years, in return for that $200 monthly bounty, he has been tapping and bugging at the whim and direction of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. One of his chores, he says, was the bugging and phone tapping of rooms occupied by Hoffa's entourage and by the jury during the Chattanooga trial.

There is not much doubt about the motivation that led Bud Nichols to make these belated revelations; hence, there might be some natural skepticism about his testimony. But the new motion that Hoffa's attorneys filed with the Supreme Court at the end of January does not rest upon Bud Nichols' story alone. His account is bolstered by the sworn statements of *four public officers*, who aver from their own personal knowledge that Hoffa and his attorney of record, William E. Bufalino, were victims of widespread and persistent wire tapping.

This new evidence reinforces what was patent to all but the innocent and the credulous in the record of the Chattanooga trial. A bit of background here becomes necessary.

Hoffa's trial in Chattanooga was based upon the earlier, so-called "Test Fleet" trial in Nashville, Tenn., which had ended in a hung jury. Hardly was the first trial over when Hoffa and a number of co-defendants were indicted and brought to trial in Chattanooga on the charge of tampering with the Nashville jury.

The government's ace in the hole in the Chattanooga trial was Edward Grady Partin, an ex-convict and a Baton Rouge, La., Teamster boss. Partin had been a constant Hoffa hanger-on during the Nashville trial and had ended up as a kind of sergeant-at-arms at Hoffa's door. Yet all the time, it developed, he had been an informer for Robert F. Kennedy's Department of Justice.

Partin had been in jail in Louisiana on charges of embezzlement and theft of union records, first-degree manslaughter and kidnaping. According to an affidavit later supplied to the Hoffa defense by a cellmate, Partin had announced that he would get out of jail by turning in Hoffa. He didn't care a damn about Hoffa, he reportedly

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said; a man had to look out for himself. And so it transpired: bail was supplied; Partin was sprung; and at once enlisted in the ranks of justice as an undercover man.

The day after his release, Partin telephoned Hoffa and invited himself (as the government's own recordings of this and a subsequent conversation showed) to join Hoffa in Nashville. Partin went to this self-arranged rendezvous primed by government agents to look out for jury tampering. With this strong hint to guide him, he soon began turning up just the kind of stories his new employers wanted. Though government witnesses walked the thin line of perjury in denying that Partin was a paid informer (a violation of federal law), the government eventually was compelled to admit that more than $1,500 had been paid to Partin's wife in regular monthly installments. There was other evidence of a *quid pro quo*. Once Hoffa was convicted with Partin's help, the government thoughtfully overlooked some $5,000 in income tax evasion charges, and the indictments for embezzlement and manslaughter and kidnaping have remained suspended.

All of this the U.S. Supreme Court, with only Chief Justice Earl Warren vigorously dissenting, upheld as perfectly proper conduct in its December decision rejecting Hoffa's appeal. In doing so, the court also overlooked and condoned the fact that Hoffa and his lawyers and his witnesses had been subjected to constant surveillance by a squad of twenty-five FBI agents in a fleet of roving cars, directed from a radio command post, during the entire course of the Chattanooga trial. Patent on the record were indications that Hoffa's telephone lines and hotel suite must have been thoroughly tapped and bugged.

There was, for example, the Bernard Spindel incident. Spindel is a skilled wire tapper and electronics expert, and Hoffa, in the middle of the trial, had decided to call him to Chattanooga to counterspy electronically on the Department of Justice. The summons had been relayed to Spindel at his New York home by telephone, and when Spindel landed in Chattanooga, a small army of FBI agents was on hand to tail him from the airport to Hoffa's hotel headquarters. It was clear from the testimony of the government's own witnesses that they knew exactly who was coming and where and when to meet him—a most remarkable instance of forensic telepathy.

New light is now shed on such mysteries by the affidavits of Bud Nichols and four assorted public officers. According to Nichols, in an affidavit he signed for Hoffa's defense on January 11, he had been employed for ten years as a private snooper for the FBI, working out of the Knoxville office under the direction of FBI Agent John A. Parker. In summarizing his relationship with America's most sacrosanct agency, Nichols said:

> I have been an informer for the FBI; I have tapped many telephone wires and performed many functions for the FBI; I have stolen for the FBI in conjunction with other agencies that required such service, the details of which have been incorporated in a statement given to Mr. Hoffa's attorneys. I feel that I have been a captive of the FBI. . . . I have made available to Mr. Hoffa's attorneys certain pertinent documents substantiating not only my qualifications in the electronics field but other evidence with respect to my association with the FBI and other agencies.

All this, if true, must come as a great shock to J. Edgar Hoover, who touched off a recent war of words by insisting his boys would never, never have practiced such black arts except for the explicit orders of Robert Kennedy. Ten years' service, of course, predates Kennedy's brief reign as Hoover's titular superior. Any pain that Hoover might feel by such revelations, however, must be mild compared to the anguish that will be Kennedy's if he ever reads the remainder of Nichols' affidavit.

According to Nichols, this is the way it happened:

About the middle of January, 1964, he was summoned by FBI Agent Parker for duty on the Hoffa case, and on January 16 or 17, Parker himself delivered two tape recorders and a batch of eavesdropping equipment to Nichols' home. Nichols was instructed to go to Chattanooga the next day and to call the FBI office there, using the code name of Major. He followed instructions and so met Walter Sheridan, Kennedy's special delegate in charge of the rackets squad entrusted with the task of nailing Hoffa. Sheridan, Nichols said, introduced him to another man with the words: "This is Major and he will work with you." Then, he said, Sheridan handed him a sketch and gave his new partner a set of keys.

Nichols and his newly designated aide departed about 9:30 or 10 P.M. for the Read House, a hotel in Chattanooga where the Hoffa trial jury was to be sequestered. They went to the tenth floor, and Nichols placed tiny radio transmitters in various rooms in accordance with the sketch given him by Sheridan. He also tapped all the phones. A recorder and a receiver were placed in a central room next to the elevator. Then Nichols walked through each room, counting in a soft voice to make sure the bugs were working, and picking up each telephone and counting softly into its mouthpiece. Satisfied that no spoken word could elude the sensitive electronic gadgetry, the two men went over to the Patten Hotel, where they similarly treated Rooms 906, 908, 912 and 914, all of which were to be occupied by Hoffa and his retinue.

Nichols' story is that he was kept on duty in Chattanooga throughout the trial, receiving an additional compensation of $842 from the federal government. On one occasion, he says, he received an emergency summons to meet Walter Sheridan near the Patten Hotel. The tape recorder on Hoffa's taps appeared to have gone haywire. Nichols says he found a jack was loose and shoved it back in. Sheridan, he adds, "picked up several tapes and told me to go to the car and that he would be out in a minute. He came out to the car with the tapes in an envelope. I know this, for he referred to them in his conversation as we were going down to the Read House and stated that he knew they were going to win this case because Hoffa and his 'legal beagles were going crazy.'"

After another brief stop at the Read House, Nichols says, Sheridan "came down with an identical type of package which contained tapes, and he indicated that the jury pretty well had made up their minds."

Such is the Bud Nichols story. Naturally, there has been the very devil to pay. One tactic has been to denigrate Nichols. He was sentenced to six months at hard labor while in the army in 1948; he had four forgery charges lodged against him by Columbus, Ga., police in

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James R. Hoffa

1949; and he was sentenced to four months in the workhouse in Knoxville on two forgery charges in 1951. He enlisted for a second hitch in the army in 1958 (this, he says, was at the behest of the FBI for whom he was doing undercover work), and was arrested as a deserter in February, 1959. On the whole, the government implies, here is an untrustworthy character—almost as untrustworthy as Edward Grady Partin.

Walter Sheridan is now an executive with the National Broadcasting Company. Enraged at the Nichols story, he told *The New York Times*: "I never met him [Nichols] in my life. I don't know of any wire tapping or bugging in the Hoffa case. As far as the statements made about me being involved in any bugging or wire tapping in this case—they're absolutely false."

FBI Agent Parker, the man who, Nichols says, gave him most of his orders during the years he lived underground with the FBI, seemed to have a different reaction. Asked if he knew Nichols, he groaned: "Oh, good Lord." And then shut up.

As for the Teamsters, they insist that they treated the Nichols tale with the greatest circumspection. Nichols was brought to the Washington headquarters of the Teamsters and grilled for a whole weekend by Teamster attorneys. "We checked every facet of his life and story before we would accept it," one Teamster spokesman says. Bernard Spindel was brought in to question Nichols about the details of the electronic eavesdropping, and assured the Teamsters that Nichols' description of the rooms and telephone hookups in the Patten and Read House was accurate in every detail. In addition, Teamster representatives say: "We have documentary evidence of things he did for the FBI. We can't say what it is at this time, but it is good and it is solid."

Whatever private documentation the Teamsters may have about Bud Nichols and his activities, they have offered the court affidavits from three public officers who swear that they heard Walter Sheridan play back tapes of conversations that had taken place in Hoffa's suite in Chattanooga. Here again some essential background is necessary.

One of the stranger aspects of the jury-fixing tales spun by Edward Grady Partin involved a Huntington, W. Va., businessman named Nicholas Tweel. Partin's story was that on October 22, 1962, the very day of his arrival in Nashville to begin his spying on Hoffa, he had happened to meet Tweel in the lobby of the Andrew Jackson Hotel. He had never laid eyes on Tweel before, nor Tweel on him, but according to Partin they struck up such a fast and furious friendship that Tweel told him all about Hoffa's plans to fix the Nashville jury. Subsequently, Tweel and a business associate, Allen Dorfman, of Chicago, an insurance man who handled Teamster funds, were indicted with Hoffa on jury-fixing charges.

At the resulting 1964 Chattanooga trial at which Hoffa was convicted, Partin's account of the Tweel-Dorfman involvements in the alleged conspiracy received some rough handling. Tweel insisted he'd never known Hoffa, never met him, right up to the moment they were arraigned together on the jury-tampering indictment. Tweel's whole contact, it developed, had been with Dorfman, with whom he was planning a business venture. They had been scheduled to meet elsewhere, but Dorfman had been summoned to Nashville by Hoffa to bring some records that might be needed in the pending "Test Fleet" trial—and so Dorfman had asked Tweel to meet him there. Tweel was in Nashville for only one day and part of another; he discussed his business deal with Dorfman, then went back to Huntington, and never returned to Nashville. Even the jury that convicted Hoffa couldn't buy Partin's tale of Tweel's involvement, and both Dorfman and Tweel were acquitted.

But it was as a result of the Tweel tale told by Partin that three Huntington public officers became involved in the case and ultimately found themselves indicted. The key figure in this offshoot of the Hoffa case is Herman A. Frazier, now retired after twenty-four years' service with the Huntington Police Department. Frazier at one time had served as acting chief of the department, and in the fall of 1962 was Chief of Detectives. He had also been long active in the Fraternal Order of Police, a national organization with some 60,000 full-time police officers as members, and from 1961-65 was vice president of this organization. In addition to his official duties, he and two brother officers had organized the Huntington Research Bureau, a private agency concerned primarily with polygraph work, screening employees for private industry and national defense agencies.

On October 19, 1962, three days before Partin in Nashville was to encounter and implicate Tweel, Frazier received a visit from a mystery man who identified himself as Jack Wrather. He told Frazier that the trial was to start in Nashville the following Monday and said that Hoffa's forces needed a check on the panel from which the trial jury would be drawn. Frazier expressed some surprise that the Teamsters, with their resources, wouldn't already have gathered all the information they needed,

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but Wrather silenced his doubts by giving him two $100 bills and six $50s. Frazier agreed to take off for Nashville, to register at the Noel Hotel, and to get in touch with Wrather who would be at the Andrew Jackson.

To help him, Frazier enlisted Police Capt. Alfred Nelson Paden, of the Huntington force, and Albert P. Cole, who at the time was personnel director of Huntington. Frazier later testified that he began to have some qualms about this whole mysterious business and that these qualms were intensified when an unknown man appeared at his hotel room and began instructing him about the procedure for checking on the jury panel. Frazier's two comrades were absent, and when Frazier expressed some doubts about whether they could fulfill their assignment, the man said, oh, it was very simple, he would show Frazier how it was done. Picking up Frazier's hotel room phone, he made a few calls to prospective jurors, pretending he was a journalist doing a story. Frazier began to dislike the look of things and said he wouldn't do anything until he had talked to Wrather. So he went to the Andrew Jackson Hotel and asked for Jack Wrather. And was told that no such man was there, or ever had been.

While at the Andrew Jackson, Frazier chanced to meet Nicholas Tweel, whom he had known since school days in Huntington. That night, he and his friends had dinner with Tweel, did the town a bit; and the next day they all went back to Huntington, never having heard from Jack Wrather again, never having done anything in Nashville. But behind them, on the record, of course, were those telephone calls that, according to Frazier, the mysterious visitor had made from their hotel rooms.

Now matters began to get sticky for Frazier, Paden and Cole. On February 1, 1963, two FBI agents called on Frazier. He was later subpoenaed to testify before a Nashville grand jury investigating the alleged jury fixing, and he was questioned many times by Walter Sheridan. Sheridan, he says, demanded that he take a lie-detector test. Frazier at first demurred, but later agreed. He was given a long and exhaustive lie-detector test by the FBI; and, as he never heard anything about it again, as the results were not subsequently used to challenge his veracity, it must be assumed that he passed with flying colors.

Despite this, Frazier, Paden and Cole were indicted for attempted jury fixing. They were tried twice. The first jury disagreed and the second, in a trial in early 1965, acquitted them.

During all the months that their fate hung in the balance, Frazier says in the affidavit he has now furnished the Teamsters, he and his companions were repeatedly questioned and pressured to get them to testify against Hoffa. "It would require many pages to tell all the harassment, pressure and embarrassment we suffered at the hands of some members of the United States Department of Justice," his affidavit says. He charges that much of the pressure came from Walter Sheridan, and he relates one incident in which, he says, Sheridan exposed himself.

"At one such interview before my indictment," Frazier's affidavit reads, "Sheridan asked me several questions subject of which he could only have known by listening to my phone conversations. I told him he was tapping my phone and he would not deny nor admit it.

"Nelson Paden and I decided to lay a trap by phone to prove to Sheridan that we knew he was tapping our phones. We decided on a name few people have and that we would discuss that name when we called each other. We used the name 'Armentrout' and indicated that he was connected with our being in Nashville. Apparently, Sheridan couldn't contain himself and he asked me who Armentrout was and why we hadn't told him of Armentrout. I then accused him of tapping my phone. I told him that Armentrout didn't exist and that he had fallen into our trap. He did not deny the accusation."

Sheridan remained convinced that Tweel and Dorfman, acting as go-betweens for Hoffa in the jury-fixing plot, had been responsible for the presence of the three investigators in Nashville, and so, Frazier says, he kept trying to get what he called "the truth" from them. According to Frazier, Paden and Cole, Sheridan was finally driven into committing the indiscretion of playing his tapes. Frazier says that on one occasion Sheridan turned on a tape recorder for him, and—

> Two men were talking. One was Hoffa's voice. Sheridan said it was Hoffa and that the other was an attorney. . . . Hoffa was asking this man who the hell Frazier, Paden and Cole were and who the hell brought them to Nashville in the first place. The other man said he didn't know who they were. . . .

Frazier says in his affidavit that Sheridan played another tape:

> I could hear a noise like a phone ringing and a voice said, "Hello." Hoffa's voice said, "Bufalino, do you know who the hell Frazier, Paden and Cole are and how the hell they got involved in this case?" Bufalino said: "Jimmie, I really don't know. I do know Nick Tweel knows them."

Hoffa and Bufalino discussed the problem some more, and Hoffa decided to get an opinion from Z. T. (Tommy) Osborn, Jr., one of his attorneys in Nashville and a man who was to be indicted and convicted on jury-tampering charges. Sheridan, Frazier said, then played another sample of his tape library

> that began by a sound like a phone ringing. Then a receiver sound and a female voice saying three names, I don't remember the first two, but the third was Osborn. Hoffa's voice then said, "Hoffa — put Tommy on the phone." A man answered and Hoffa asked, "Tommy, do you know those men from Huntington, West Virginia?" Osborn said he had met them. Hoffa asked if Tweel and Dorfman knew them. Osborn said yes, he understood they did. Hoffa asked if Osborn thought we should be contacted for statements. Osborn said he saw no reason for us to be interviewed . . . then the conversation ended by Hoffa saying, "Our troubles are big enough now without taking on someone else's troubles." Osborn agreed.

Sheridan's purpose in playing the tapes, Frazier said, was to demonstrate to the three investigators that Hoffa wasn't going to help them—and so they had better play ball with him. On one occasion, with all three of the accused investigators present, he played a tape to emphasize this very point. The recording apparently had been made of the conversation of a group of men sitting around a table talking. "One had Hoffa's voice saying Tweel and

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Dorfman denied any connection with us and that they [Tweel and Dorfman] weren't going to involve themselves with us."

Police Captain Paden's affidavit adds more details about this last scene. He recalls that Hoffa said at one point that he knew nothing about Frazier, Paden and Cole "and we could all go to hell, or something similar." After giving this a chance to sink in, Sheridan, according to Paden, turned to them and said: "See, you don't mean a thing to these people. Your only chance is to change your story and involve Tweel and Dorfman."

Cole quotes Sheridan as telling them in addition: "These are the big boys—these are Hoffa and his attorneys, sitting there discussing you fellows. And you can see now that Tweel and Dorfman have abandoned you. You are getting nothing from them—the Hoffa organization—you boys are on your own. I'm the only person that can possibly help you."

Since Frazier, Paden and Cole still refused to play ball, they were indicted and forced to go through two trials to clear themselves. All three men say that Sheridan asked them not to disclose his tape playing, and Frazier says that he told Sheridan they wouldn't. However, Frazier adds, after the Supreme Court turned down Hoffa's appeal, he read that Hoffa "had only thirty-eight days to file an appeal or he was going to jail," and he decided he couldn't keep silent any longer. He telephoned Paden and Cole and told them what he had decided to do. "They both advised me to go ahead and they would back me all the way," Frazier says. The dovetailing affidavits from all three followed.

There is other confirming evidence. About the time that the Supreme Court was turning down Hoffa's appeal, wire tapping and bugging began to become a highly sensitive issue. Forced disclosures that these arts had been practiced on a wide scale led to the overturn of several convictions, most notably that of Fred M. Black, an associate of Bobby Baker, for income-tax evasion. The Internal Revenue Service, its prosecutions put in jeopardy by these disclosures, called for a study of all cases in which such eavesdropping might have been involved. The overturn of convictions and confirmation of the long-standing belief that no man can be sure of privacy in a world of snoopers began to give law enforcement a black eye, and J. Edgar Hoover, who does not take criticism gracefully, threw the blame on Kennedy. Kennedy expressed utter surprise.

J. Edgar Hoover

Such was the situation when William Loeb, the wealthy and ultraconservative publisher of the Manchester *Union-Leader* in New Hampshire, had what he described as a most revealing conversation with Cartha DeLoch, Assistant Chief of the FBI and the man reportedly favored by Hoover to succeed him. In an affidavit later supplied to the Hoffa defense, Loeb said on December 20, 1966:

> DeLoch stated to me that during his tenure Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy had a special unit of three individuals mainly responsible for wire tapping. He said that the unit was headed by Walter J. Sheridan, Special Assistant for Kennedy, and that the actual wire tapping was done by a man named Eddie Jones. DeLoch stated that Jones had been placed on the payroll of the Immigration and Naturalization Service through the efforts of the Attorney General. . . . He said the third member of the group responsible for wire tapping was a Carmine Bellino. He further stated that Attorney General Kennedy had instructed the Internal Revenue Service to tap wires.
>
> DeLoch, in discussing the James R. Hoffa case, suggested to me that I suggest to the Hoffa lawyers that their best move would be to ask the Department of Justice to conduct an investigation of wire tapping in connection with the various Hoffa trials. He said that if such an investigation were conducted he was sure that it would turn up extensive evidence of wire tapping in connection with the trials of Hoffa.

Loeb added that he telephoned DeLoch the next day and said he thought that what he had been told was so newsworthy he should use a story about it. DeLoch replied, Loeb's affidavit states, that "if I attempted to publicize this information he would deny that he ever talked to me about the matter."

So Loeb put the information in an affidavit for Hoffa —and things started to sizzle. FBI spokesmen pointed out that Loeb had obtained a $2.5 million loan from the Teamsters for his newspaper chain and that he had been offering a $100,000 reward for anyone who could turn up evidence of eavesdropping on Hoffa. DeLoch himself was not available for direct quotation, but FBI sources indicated that he had denied all.

This counterattack incensed Loeb. His loan from the Teamsters is paid up to date, he said (the Teamsters themselves insist that it has been an excellent business deal), and besides the issue was simple: who was telling the truth? To determine this, Loeb challenged DeLoch to take a lie-detector test, offering to take one himself. He pointed out that what was at stake was whether a man should unjustly go to jail; then he added, turning the knife:

"Of equal importance also is the fact that you are frequently mentioned as Hoover's successor as head of the

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FBI. It is therefore important that if you are to succeed Hoover it be determined right now whether you have told the truth in this situation."

While Washington was chuckling over this contretemps, the Teamsters were further documenting for the Supreme Court the extent of the espionage that, they claimed, had violated Hoffa's rights. In additional affidavits, William E. Bufalino, Hoffa's attorney of record, described his experiences with federal bugging and wire tapping.

On November 15, 1961, he and the late James E. Haggerty, Sr., of Detroit, the courtroom strategist for Hoffa, were in the San Juan Hotel in Orlando, Fla., preparing Hoffa's defense against charges that had been brought against him there. Bufalino states:

> I was in Haggerty's room discussing the pending case with him when Haggerty reached for the telephone to make a call. He dropped a piece of paper on the floor and bent over to pick it up. He called my attention to a piece of black adhesive tape which was hanging from the underside of a shelf of the telephone table. The lower side of the shelf was approximately ten inches from the floor. We looked underneath the table and I observed an object two inches wide and an inch-and-a-half thick. It was taped to the underside of the shelf and appeared to be of black, plastic material.

Haggerty and Bufalino notified the Orlando Police Department of their find, and were told by Lieut. Bill Yohn that they had discovered "an electronic wireless transmitter." Orlando police thoughtfully turned the gadget over to the FBI for "investigation." Haggerty and Bufalino had an appointment to meet with FBI agents in Orlando, but the FBI canceled out. Hoffa subsequently charged that evidence used as a basis for the Orlando indictment had been illegally obtained through the wiretapping activities of Edward M. Jones, then an employee of the McClellan committee. Subpoenaed, Jones testified that he was a wire tapper, that he had tapped for the McClellan committee; but then, asked directly whether he had tapped Hoffa's wires, he refused to answer, taking refuge in the fact that the McClellan committee had invoked Senate Rule XXX, which conveniently provides that no Senate employee can be compelled to produce documents or reveal information without the consent of the Senate.

Against this background, William Bufalino's most recent experiences with wire tappers become fascinating. For many months, he and his wife had complained to the Detroit Bell Telephone Company that the phones in their Grosse Pointe Shores, Mich., home appeared to have been tapped; but, until the summer of 1965, they had no proof. Then, on June 10, 1965, Mrs. Bufalino dialed from her home phone, Tuxedo 1-6859, to a number in Kingston, Pa.—Area Code 717, Butler 7-2024. Minutes after the call had been completed, Bufalino charges in a suit he has brought against Detroit Bell, some unknown caller telephoned the Butler number, trying to find out who had made the long-distance call. Not getting any cooperation, the caller said he would find out in Detroit. Shortly afterward, Bufalino charges, his wife's phone rang and a caller, identifying himself only as "a telephone company employee," insisted that she identify herself and give her telephone number. When she refused and asked

Robert F. Kennedy

the caller to identify *himself*, he became abusive and threatened to cut off her telephone.

"If I really want the number, I'll make you report it out of order and I know I got the right line," the caller said.

Shortly afterward, Tuxedo 1-6859 did indeed go dead, and Bufalino raised a storm with Detroit Bell. Service was restored the following morning. About 10:15 A.M., June 11, 1965, while Bufalino was talking to his wife from his office, there came an interruption, and suddenly Bufalino found himself listening in on the conversation of two unknown men. Having a free phone handy, he switched on a dictaphone and recorded the conversation. The two chitchatting ghosts, who later identified themselves as Frank Kaminski and Robert Koss, both employees of Detroit Bell, were discussing the hard time Mrs. Bufalino had given them the day before:

> KAMINSKI: You know I'm so mad I'm shaking, Bob. If I had her, honest to God, I'd kick her right in the teeth. How can you talk nice to people like that is what gets me. Huh?
>
> Koss: She thinks she's King of the Hill.
>
> KAMINSKI: Ain't no way for a telephone man—how in hell can you identify if she—if she misconstrued it what I told her yesterday. I told her — I say if re — I really want that number, I'll make you report it out of order and I know I got the right line (*click*). Who's on here?
>
> HOLOWICH: Holowich.
>
> KAMINSKI: Holowich, I'll put you on hold. It'll probably be a couple of minutes, or give me a call in about five. It'll be better off then.
>
> HOLOWICH: I'm up the pole now, Frank.
>
> KAMINSKI: Well, you'll have to hang on now, Dick.

With Holowich waiting up the pole, Kaminski and Koss resumed their conversation about all the troubles the Bufalinos were giving them. At one point, Kaminski said he'd bet Bufalino was talking to "her" right now about them.

> Koss: Can you put her line up and check?

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KAMINSKI: Oh, that's easily done (*pause; click*). No. No. She ain't—she ain't there now. See? She reported this yesterday.

KOSS: Yeah?

KAMINSKI: Yeah (*pause*). Well, when is he going to pick this up? (*Pause.*) Kinda exciting, isn't it there?

Here Bufalino came on the wire, got the two talkative telephone employees to identify themselves, and then notified them he would see them in court.

Subsequently, in pretrial depositions, Bufalino established that Detroit police had set up a wire-tap listening post in a second-floor apartment at 15414 East Mack Avenue. One of the policemen who monitored the taps finally acknowledged the part he had played. In a pretrial deposition on November 6, 1966, the policeman, Paul L. Quaglia, conceded that he knew Walter Sheridan and said he had worked on the wire-tap detail with Sgt. Walter DePugh, who left the Detroit force to join the Internal Revenue Service in November, 1963.

According to Quaglia's pretrial testimony, repeated in an affidavit he gave Hoffa's lawyers at the end of December, the East Mack Avenue listening post was equipped with four tape recorders and four sets of earphones. There was also, he said, "a pen register on the Bufalino wire tap" that traced out the numbers of phones being dialed. Quaglia said that throughout the fall of 1962 and part of 1963, he monitored the Bufalino wire taps. Detroit police, he said, had no interest in Bufalino, and it was his understanding the taps were being made for federal authorities. Many of the calls, he said, dealt with details of Hoffa's legal problems, and many of Bufalino's recorded conversations were with other defense attorneys.

Although Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall has submitted a formal memo to the Supreme Court, denying that government agents used bugs or wire taps before or during Hoffa's Chattanooga trial, it is not necessary to interpret the evidence detailed above as casting doubt on Mr. Marshall's word. More likely, he is only one of many Americans who have not yet grasped the extreme sophistication with which certain government agencies cut the corners of veracity.

Nor are the circumstances here set down of concern only to Hoffa and his colleagues. They involve the question of whether any man, even one as powerful as Hoffa, has a fighting chance to defend himself if, as the record seems to indicate, he must battle the paid and planted informer, the *agent provocateur*, the wire tapper eavesdropping on his most private conversations with his attorneys. The pioneers who founded this nation fled from oppressive systems in which a man accused by authority virtually stood condemned. Now, in this age of massed and overweening power, the rights, the dignity and the freedom of the individual are scorned by an immune and sanctified authority. That is the real issue that Hoffa has presented to the Supreme Court.

ETHIOPIA

THE OVER-PRESENT AMERICANS

NEIL G. KOTLER

Mr. Kotler served in the Peace Corps in Asmara, Ethiopia, from 1964 to 1966, teaching Ethiopian history at a secondary school and at a university center.

In terms of money spent and personnel assigned, America is more deeply involved in Ethiopia than in any other African country. But for all this involvement, most of it a substantial help to Ethiopia, we have provoked hostility among all groups in the population, ranging from suspicion on the part of the masses to anger among the students. I judge the Russians, who have contributed far less materially, to be more appreciated. In surface reactions, Ethiopians praise our economic and technical assistance; when their deeper feelings are elicited, however, they often admit to finding our presence repugnant. They concede that our economic assistance programs are generally beneficial, but regard our military assistance and our own military activities as harmful.

To be sure, a nation that possesses vast global interests cannot expect to be loved or trusted in every quarter, but we should be able to presume at least respect for our position and even at times appreciation for the good we may have accomplished. When our policies evoke fear from a people who are not our adversaries, or suspicion from a people whom we claim to be helping, we should ask what produces these disconcerting reactions.

Ethiopia is the oldest independent country in sub-Sahara Africa. Its situation on the Red Sea gives it strategic commercial importance, and its agricultural resources, if properly exploited, could make it the breadbasket of Africa. It comprises about 450,000 square miles (larger than Texas and California combined), and its population is estimated as high as 20 million, third largest after Egypt and Nigeria, on the continent. The prowess of its soldiers and its ancient and glorious past have won it a position of great influence in contemporary African affairs.

Since World War II the United States has given Ethiopia several hundred million dollars in economic and military assistance. To a country whose literacy rate is less than 10 per cent, the Peace Corps since 1962 has supplied nearly 1,000 teachers. In the academic year 1962-63, Peace Corps volunteers teaching in the general secondary schools outnumbered the Ethiopians. The American Government has helped finance and develop the national university and is building there the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library. American money has supported the education of a large proportion of Ethiopia's elite who have studied at American universities.

We built the first agricultural school in a land that

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derives nearly all of its revenues from agriculture. We also built the first public health college. Ethiopia's mountainous terrain has put tremendous obstacles in the way of unification; American money financed an excellent system of roads and communications. The two major jet airports in the country were built with American money, and Ethiopia's national airline, the most profitable in Africa, was launched with American aid and the technical skills of TWA. Ethiopia has fought many wars against foreign invaders and still must protect its territory against encroaching neighbors. American military assistance has equipped its soldiers with modern weapons and trained them in the techniques of modern warfare.

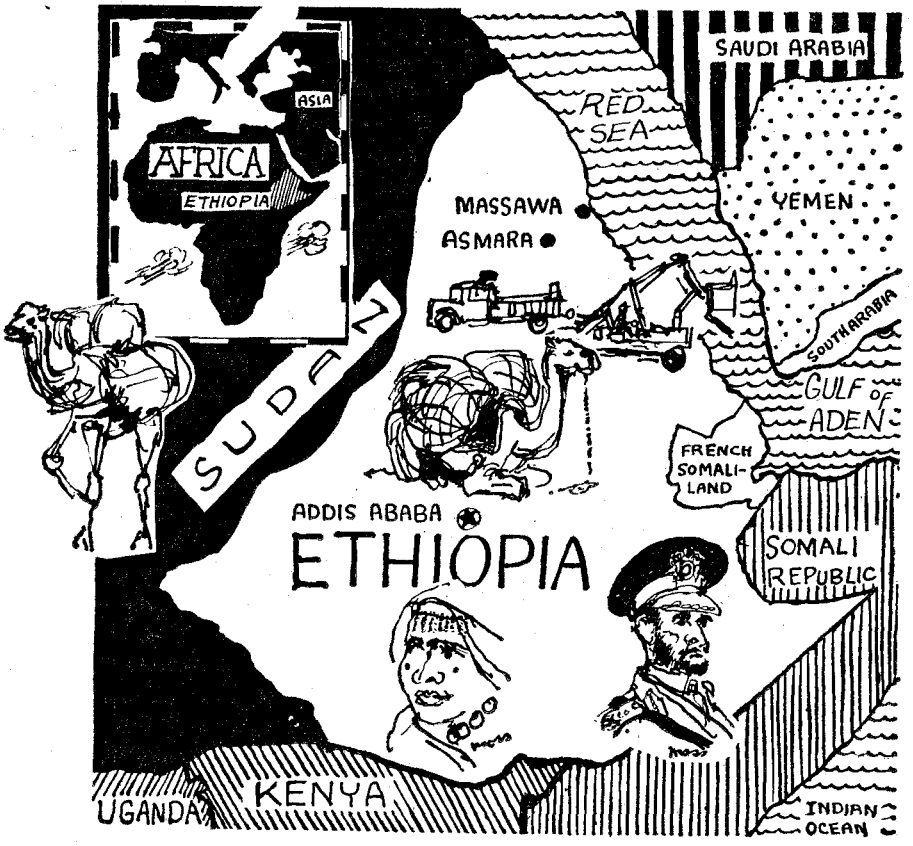
In return, our single most important benefit is treaty rights to large plots of land in Eritrea, the northernmost province, on which the U.S. Army operates the largest military communications installation in Africa. Known as Kagnew Station, it performs highly complex functions, serving as a vital link between East and West, monitoring other countries' broadcasts and communications traffic, participating in space communications. This property is so valuable because its location, close to the equator and at an elevation of several thousand feet, provides excellent atmospheric conditions. Ethiopia's port of Massawa on the Red Sea offers excellent harbor facilities for the American Navy in an important part of the world. And beyond these material assets our assistance to, and support of, the Ethiopian Government has won us considerable influence in the shaping of Ethiopian foreign policy and, because of Emperor Haile Selassie's prestige among African leaders, the shaping of African policies as well.

At present, what with the military, USAID, USIS, the embassy and the consulates, at least 10,000 Americans, plus their dependents, are stationed in Ethiopia. Though concentrated in the major cities, they are also scattered through the countryside, and highly visible to both villagers and peasants. In Asmara, Ethiopia's second largest city with a population of about 150,000, 2,000 American soldiers and officers, with some 5,000 dependents, are attached to army, navy and air force units at Kagnew Station. A large residential section of Asmara has become an American colony. Many bars and brothels have sprung up catering only to American soldiers. Small towns near Asmara that offer good vacation facilities have become American resort centers. In one such town the American military operate a spacious rest center which has the only outdoor swimming pool in the province; it is off-limits to the local people.

At Addis Ababa, the capital, American military personnel live in a suburb close to an airfield and near the only golf course in the capital. In one remote provincial center, a block of rooms in the best hotel is reserved for our military; a special table, marked with American-style condiments, is set aside for them in the dining room.

Ethiopian reaction to this weight of Americans varies among the different groups in the population. Peasants who farm the fields around Asmara regard the radio transmitters and tracking stations as objects of menacing proportions. One piece of equipment, a satellite tracking screen that measures more than 50 feet high, is assumed to be a gigantic military machine capable of incalculable havoc. All the instruments are in themselves quite harmless, but they look dangerous to illiterate Ethiopians.

Fed anti-American broadcasts from Arab capitals and Communist stations overseas, even many Ethiopian stu-



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dents believe that Kagnew Station is more than a communications center, that it conceals dangerous armaments, even missiles, which might drag their country into a global war. These fears are false, but before discounting them as fanciful, it is well to remember that in the popular mind, especially the mind of students fascinated by the intrigues and power struggles of the cold war, any military establishment must be serving some warlike purpose.

Ethiopians in Asmara often see American soldiers drunk, loud, rude and cavorting with prostitutes in the streets. Our troops did not introduce drinking and whoring into the country; indeed, many Ethiopian males are notorious in these respects. But their cultural habits—and the fact that they are at home—lead them to pursue such activities out of the public view. Their real complaint is that Americans (at least a rowdy minority of Americans) do not abide by Ethiopian standards of public conduct.

Many responsible Ethiopians—often those enjoying top government positions—complain because, under the existing status-of-forces treaty, American soldiers who fall foul of the law are judged and punished solely by American military authorities. It is an affront to their proud tradition of independence and sovereignty.

Most of the cars in Asmara are American-owned, and accidents are frequent. The average Ethiopian is incredibly innocent of the facts of automobile traffic. Peasants drive their herds through city streets; horse-drawn carriages make driving in Asmara an adventure. Our automobiles are adding complexity and strain to Ethiopian life. Ethiopians cannot understand, if we are encumbering and endangering their daily lives with our machines, why they cannot at least take steps to control the dangers and judge the violators. In a twofold sense, we deny them control over their own environment.

As always, American soldiers in Ethiopia have a reputation for being careless with money, and they are often victims of swindle and theft. Last year a drunken American soldier beat an Ethiopian to death. The military trial brought out that the dead man had been trying to rob his assailant, and the soldier was acquitted on the grounds of lack of intent to kill and provocation. The decision may have accorded with legal principles, but it evoked widespread indignation among Ethiopians, who felt that in a matter as grave as this their officials should have some jurisdiction.

Politically minded Ethiopians are particularly sensitive about guarding their country's independence and neutrality in the cold war. The students take seriously one of the principles of the Organization of African Unity which their government helped found: that no African country should permit foreign soldiers on its soil, especially in peacetime, and thereby fall under the domination of a great power. But American military advisers are attached to most units of the Ethiopian army, and recently our guerrilla experts have begun advising and directing Ethiopian soldiers in the field in the government's campaign to destroy Eritrean insurrectionists. (The Russians have no military activities in Ethiopia.)

A more serious indictment of our military activities is the charge that we are propping up a corrupt and moribund regime. During a period of acute political crisis in the spring of 1966, rumors spread from the university that tens of thousands of American soldiers had landed at a deserted airfield and were ready to rescue Haile Selassie's government from an incipient coup. The rumors were false, but the students were remembering that back in 1960, when the regime was almost toppled by a group of young military leaders, Americans gave active help to the government.

For several years an insurrectionary movement in Eritrea has been attempting to win independence for that province or at least to make it an autonomous unit in a federated Ethiopian state. In the spring of 1965, politically inspired strikes in the schools stirred rumors that the insurrectionists were ready to invade Asmara. The commander of Kagnew, fearing for the security of his base, ordered all military personnel to wear battle dress and arm themselves. Military jeeps patrolled the city with American soldiers alert behind the machine guns. United States officials later divulged that the guns had not been loaded, but many Ethiopians understandably resented a parade of strength which had the effect of supporting the government.

The hard-boiled question to be asked at this point is, so what? How important are the feelings of a minority? How much do the students count? Is it not enough that the masses, who probably support the existing government, are not seriously concerned about our military activities?

In fact, however, one aspect or another of our presence in Ethiopia has stirred anger among every group in the population. The masses are passive, but suspicious, and can be easily aroused by inflammatory leaders. Many young military officers, who represent a highly influential segment of the population, resent the extent of our political involvement. Students and intellectuals are openly hostile, and we commit a serious error if we underestimate the potential influence and power of such a group in developing countries. They are the only ones, except for foreign technicians, who will be able to manage the increasingly complex processes of government and business.

When an American works in a developing country, he makes a double impact. The first and most obvious is functional—supplying material goods and technical knowledge. The second, more subtle, is exemplary—the transmission of values, ideas and types of behavior to a people urgently searching for new ways of thinking and acting.

We do not operate in a vacuum overseas, but within other cultures. The peoples of developing countries are searching for ways more appropriate to the modern world, but always first trying to adjust their own customs to new imperatives. In terms of our second impact, it matters whether we *impose ourselves* upon their culture or *work within* their culture.

If we were to examine some of the cultural values of Ethiopians, we should find that we have heedlessly done many things to violate them. Ethiopians are deeply suspicious of foreigners, especially foreign soldiers, and yet we have created a large military presence and made our technological apparatus conspicuous. Ethiopians are intensely proud of their independence, but we have needlessly interfered in their affairs. Ethiopians have strict

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standards of public conduct, which we have often flagrantly violated. Ethiopians are painfully embarrassed by impoverishment and we have thoughtlessly made a show of our opulence. Leaving aside the question of propriety, has all this been sensible?

There is no simple policy that would at once elevate all the good things we do abroad and eliminate the undesirable things. Nor can we automatically win the hearts of foreigners merely by limiting ourselves to the "good" programs of economic and technical assistance. What we do in any country is invariably colored by what we are doing elsewhere in the world, and at present most of the peoples of the world disapprove of our global policies.

But we could at least take a closer look at our interests and policies abroad, and ask ourselves whether programs calculated to promote short-range tactical advantages advance our interests more than policies which might establish enduring relationships. Especially at a time when the world is aware of the destructiveness of our military machine, it might be wise to limit our military activities in areas where they obviously serve no strategic purpose. And if we must sustain some of these activities in Ethiopia, should we not at least try to curb the undesirable by-products which the Ethiopians resent?

U.S. CIVIL SERVICE

WASHINGTON'S BLAND BONDAGE

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington, D.C.

The United States Civil Service, like the old French Foreign Legion, is an excellent place to lose one's identity, but its other virtues are less easy to discover. In the vast Sahara of government service the worker is beset by deadly conformity, conflicting loyalties and sniping from unseen enemies. And just as the old recruiting posters of Paris used to tell baroque falsehoods about the romance and glamour of *La Légion étrangère*, so Civil Service recruits with myths.

The federal government describes itself as offering dignity, job security and appreciation for talent. It is instead a place where:

Spy holes are condoned in men's rest-rooms at the Pentagon. (Excuse: to combat homosexuality.)

Internal Revenue Service phones are tapped. (Excuse offered by IRS Commissioner Sheldon Cohen: "We supervise these phone calls for several reasons—to check the accuracy of tax information furnished by these employees, and to insure absolute and unfailing courtesy on their part." He said the eavesdropping is, of course, "completely impersonal.")

In some post offices, two-way mirrors (you can see through from the back) are used for spying on employees.

Dissident workers can be branded as mentally ill and dismissed from government service without the opportunity to protest or present contradicting evidence. Sometimes they are classified as mentally disturbed without being given a medical examination.

Both incoming and established employees are badgered with loyalty investigations to equal anything in the McCarthy era. Prying into the "loyalty" of workers in nonsensitive positions was supposedly ruled illegal by the Supreme Court in 1956, but it still goes on under a different guise—to determine "fitness" or "suitability." The USCS Bureau of Personnel Investigation employs 1,200 clerks and 800 agents as snoopers, and these are joined by the full force of the FBI. In fiscal 1966 the FBI handled 423,000 security forms submitted by federal workers, and the BPI dug around for subversive clues in the backgrounds of half a million new employees. Each routine inquiry costs the taxpayer $5; a complex job of sniffing about is much more expensive. (Excuse offered by Civil Service Commission Chairman John Macy: "The thoughtful applicant will recognize that the investigation process is a safeguard—to himself, for he can be confident that the work force he seeks to join is a select group. . . .")

An unnatural interest is shown by the USCS in the sexual activities of its employees—not only via peepholes but through an unending flow of questionnaires. The experience of a job applicant at the National Security Agency, Fort George Meade, Md., was not unusual. Strapped to a polygraph—"lie detector"—he was asked: "When was the first time you had sexual relations with a woman? How many times have you had sexual intercourse? Have you ever engaged in homosexual activities? Have you ever engaged in sexual activities with an animal? When was the first time you had intercourse with your wife? Did you have intercourse with her before you were married? How many times?"

Employees are coerced to buy government bonds and to support charitable drives. Sometimes workers are *ordered* to give to charity a certain percentage of their salary; and those who balk at joining the bond drive may find their names posted on the bulletin board. Secretary of the Army David E. McGiffert has publicly admitted that "coercion and public humiliation" was used on civilian workers in at least one instance by a base commandant who warned that "anyone working under my supervision and does not wish to comply with my desire to participate in such a worth-while program is not a member of my 'team.' "

With the logic typical of the Pentagon, Assistant Defense Secretary Thomas D. Morris has asserted that coercion is impossible because page 17 of the Civil Service Commission chairman's 1961 "Manual on Fund-Raising Within Federal Service" clearly forbids it. He conceded that there might have been some "excessive zeal."

Postmaster Lawrence O'Brien, who has no time to

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work on improving a shoddy postal service because of all the other chores assigned him, strong-armed the last U.S. Savings Bond drive and told department secretaries that President Johnson would settle for nothing short of 100 per cent participation. The way to get it was demonstrated at the White House by Marvin Watson, special assistant to the President, who gave White House employees two chances to buy voluntarily—and then deducted the money from their pay checks.

Government workers are still required to state their race on questionnaires, the excuse being that the Civil Service Commission wants to keep track of its minority-race employment progress. Any supervisor who isn't blind should be able to tell, with only a few bad guesses, who of his workers are Negro, who are Latin American, who are Oriental, who are American Indian. But instead of going about it quietly through the supervisors, the USCS has forced the workers to put it down in writing. (Tempers flared at this one: 5,000 employees of the U.S. State Department solemnly recorded their American Indian ancestry.)

Intimate prying into workers' financial affairs is commonplace. A twenty-year employee at Kelly Air Force Base was fired for nonpayment of an $83 debt. An employee at a federal hospital in California was suspended for six months for falling briefly behind in his payments to the employees' credit union. A new series of questionnaires relating to stocks, bonds and other property, owned not only by employees but by their relatives, has recently circulated. Another form required workers to list all gifts received during the previous year. A woman in the Patent Office refused to fill it out because she couldn't remember all the little gifts, like perfume, she had received from friends. She got a letter from W. E. Ingram, personnel officer of the Commerce Department, saying: "Your evasiveness indicates that you may have some conflict of interest which you are anxious to avoid disclosing. This is a very serious matter." Another Commerce employee was threatened with disciplinary action for not listing bottle stoppers received from a welcome wagon.

Employees are discouraged from airing their gripes. And when they are punished or fired it is increasingly difficult for them to get a satisfactory hearing from the Civil Service Commission. Decisions that the commission should be able to render within thirty to sixty days are delayed from six months to a year; often the employee despairs of ever getting justice and turns elsewhere for work.

Lower-level review boards set up under Civil Service appeals procedure are generally described as "kangaroo courts" by workers who have had any dealings with them. They are usually made up of management-level employees who got to their relatively lofty perches by demonstrating utter loyalty to the Establishment's wishes. And when the Establishment wishes to fire or punish a worker. . . .

All in all, the nation's biggest employer, the federal government, subjects its 2,500,000 workers to conditions that are rampant with backbiting, rumor mongering, character assassination and promotion by favoritism. This may have been what Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz had in mind when he told a trade union convention recently that "employment relationships in the government in this country are exactly thirty years behind employment relationships in private industry." He was including state and local government employees; had he been speaking only for federal employees he could have said seventy years behind private industry, for what exists today under the USCS is all too often—not always, but very often—like something cooked up by Carnegie and Frick.

As might be expected, morale among government workers is not high. A recent poll taken by *The Federal Times*, a government employee-oriented newspaper, found that 69 per cent would not go to work for the government if they had it to do again (72 per cent of the top-level employees) and 70 per cent would advise their children to steer clear of such employment.

Although government workers as a group are still very much the underdog, in recent years their troubles have attracted some able allies who are beginning to work occasional reforms. These are the American Civil Liberties Union and its chief Washington war hawk, Lawrence Speiser; two journalists, John Cramer of the Washington *Daily News* and Joseph Young of the Washington *Star*; and a couple of unions, especially John Griner's American Federation of Government Employees (200,000 members). And perhaps the most important ally at the moment is Sen. Sam J. Ervin of North Carolina, whose still plastic legislation to create a "Bill of Rights" for government workers has already won nearly half the Senate as cosponsors. For months, drawing on information in the files of the ACLU and the unions, and on the excellent investigations conducted by his own staff, Ervin has been lifting Civil Service lids.

Most government workers do not publicly protest the intrusion of the FBI and the BPI into their political beliefs for the rather pathetic reason that most people who go into government work have already come to terms with their pride. Thus, a surprisingly small number of federal employees turn to the American Civil Liberties Union to fight the harassments and indignities they suffer. But those who do bring evidence of what must be happening on a rather large scale.

The Department of Health, Education and Welfare has a record for pestering its employees about their loyalty. A research chemist in the HEW's Food and Drug Administration was asked to explain his presence, eight years previously, at a couple of meetings held by the Labor Youth League and by the Student Socialist Society in Philadelphia. Was he a Communist? He filled three single-spaced typewritten pages answering all the loaded questions passed down to him by the Civil Service Commission; after which, though he was cleared, he packed up his Ph.D. and quit in a rage. It's the mood in which a lot of bright men and women leave Washington.

A young woman working as a program analyst in HEW's Water Pollution Control division was accused of being *invited* to attend (she wasn't accused of attending) a forum sponsored by the Socialist Workers Party of Philadelphia. She was also accused of being on the mailing list of the Socialist Party.

These heinous things had occurred four or five years before she went to work for the government. The specific questions asked of this employee—who was not, remem-

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ber, in any way involved in work with classified information—were as follows:

(1) The extent of your knowledge of the Communist Party membership and activity of your father, your father's views concerning communism and the aims and purposes of the Communist Party to the best of your knowledge, and the extent to which your father has influenced you, or attempted to influence you, concerning communism and the aims and purposes of the Communist Party.

(2) The names of the associates of your father known or believed by you to be members of the Communist Party or sympathetic to communism and the aims and purposes of the Communist Party and the nature and extent of your association with these individuals.

Similar questions were asked about her aunt, her uncle and her sister. The price of holding her job was an exposé of her whole family.

When employees come to him with this kind of case, Speiser has a rather easy time making USCS Commissioner Macy back down. Speiser indicates that the ACLU will insist on an open hearing at which the source of the rumors and the names of the accusers will be demanded, and that if necessary he will go to court to establish a ruling against such covert prying. Speiser *wants* to get into court with such a case, but Macy gives way every time, to block the making of a precedent.

In this way, Macy wins by losing: except in the handful of cases that Speiser has championed, the Civil Service bloodhounds go right on demanding, and getting, information that is none of their business.

Testifying before a Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, Speiser gave these examples of questions which had been asked of job applicants:

"Are all of your friends in favor of the democratic form of government?"

"Are you associated with people you can classify as leftists?"

"Why did you protest against racial discrimination in the Washington, D.C., area?"

"Do you have any friends you think might be to the right of Center?"

"Do you have any friends that are in the middle?"

"Where does your father fit in on this scale from right to left?"

"Is he a member of the Socialist Party?"

"Are his views further to the left than yours?"

"How about your mother?"

The long, patriotic arm of the USCS reaches even into the affairs of the United Nations. American citizens who work there must satisfy the Civil Service Commission of their loyalty by answering questions not only about their attitude toward the Communist Party but also about the opinions and activities of their parents, spouse, divorced spouse, children, brothers and sisters; countries visited since 1930, purpose of the visit, etc.

Sometimes the super-patriotism of the Civil Service Commission drives it into comically embarrassing corners. In October, 1966, the USCS accused a William X of having falsified his application for federal employment, and ruled that he would have to stand aside for a

year before reapplying. According to the investigators, X had lied in saying that he had never been a member of the Communist Party. The USCS accused him of having belonged for three months in 1943 and of attending Communist social functions in Pennsylvania.

This was a bizarre accusation considering X's background. For seven years (from 1958 to 1965) he had been an investigator for the House Committee on Un-American Activities, working intimately with ex-FBI agents and FBI informants. If X now made a public stink over the way the USCS was treating him, it would be embarrassing—especially to HUAC.

So, although his answers to the charges were not the kind that normally get people off the "loyalty" hook (he admitted that he "might have" attended one social affair, and he stated definitely that he had played in the orchestra at a social given by Mother Bloor; but he "didn't recall" other activities attributed to him, and he pleaded that "to the best of my knowledge" he had never been a member of the Communist Party), a great shuddering sigh of relief could be heard throughout the upper regions of the USCS when the ACLU took X's case. The USCS, in line with policy, could now back down, and did so by ruling that, "*in view of the length of time that has elapsed since the incident is alleged to have occurred*," there was no reason to give him a hearing. He was cleared without a fight. This was the first time that the Civil Service Commission has ever accepted the antiquity of Communist activities as an excuse.

The Civil Service Commission has so keen an interest in the amours of its employees that it will, if necessary, act as matchmaker to deliver its wards from a sinful life. Consider, for example, the case of a young woman, a research associate in the Office of Economic

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Opportunity. She had been going with a well-known liberal journalist and in April of last year received a letter from H.C. Bolton, chief of the division of adjudication of the BPI, warning that she would be fired if she didn't come up with a very good explanation for having spent a weekend in a Virginia motel with her boy friend.

The ACLU jumped eagerly into that one, making some sarcastic remarks about the improbability of the USCS being "filled only with investigators who have never engaged in sexual intercourse outside of marital relationship," and promising a court fight. Fortunately for Macy, the couple had meanwhile married; he therefore decreed, in a great show of charity, that since the employee was no longer sinning, he was able in good conscience to forget the motel.

Although the BPI detectives can be ruthlessly puritanical in judging the conduct of the fiancée of a journalist who is writing critically about the present Administration, they can also be wonderfully tolerant of the same kind of conduct in others. For example, a former Presbyterian minister joined the U.S. Office of Education not long after he was named in a well-publicized divorce trial as the marriage counselor whose instruction of the wife had been more intimate than professional. He subsequently left the ministry, but went into government work with no trouble from the BPI.

In a letter to the Mattachine Society of Washington, Macy wrote: "We reject categorically the assertion that the commission pries into the private sex lives of those seeking federal employment. . . . We know of no means consistent with American notions of privacy and fairness and limitations on governmental authority which could ascertain the nature of individual private sexual behavior between consenting adults as long as it remains private: *that is, if it remains undisclosed to all but the participants, it is not the subject of an inquiry.*"

This is not even good sophistry. What Macy means —as proved by the conduct of his investigators—is that when questions of the most intimate kind are put to the subject's neighbors, friends and fellow workers without uncovering even one smutty rumor, then the undisclosed sex life "is not the subject of inquiry."

Evidence that Macy is not easing up on homosexuals may be found in an important case now bouncing around in the courts. A man who had worked in various administrative positions in the Department of Labor for seventeen years, including time out for eighteen months in military service during World War II, left for private employment in 1956, but in 1962 decided to return to government. He is well qualified, passed a competitive examination and was notified that he was eligible for "personnel positions" at top grades (GS 9, 11 and 12).

Then he ran into trouble. Appearing before a civil service investigator in April, 1962, he was ordered to explain a 1947 arrest for "loitering" around the men's room in Lafayette Square. He had been run in by the police after entering the men's room twice within ten minutes. He was also ordered to explain a 1951 arrest "for investigation." And, finally, he was ordered to give a rebuttal to "information indicating that you are a homosexual."

The applicant refused to comment, on the ground that his sex life had nothing to do with his performance on the job. So he was disqualified for employment.

At that point, showing considerable courage, he began to lay the basis for his present court fight, in which he is being aided by the ACLU. He asked that the Civil Service Commission supply him with "specifications of how, when and where he had allegedly conducted himself immorally," so that he could answer the "broad, indefinite allegation of 'immoral conduct.'" The commission refused. Its Board of Appeals and Review replied only that "the record disclosed convincing evidence that you have engaged in homosexual conduct, which is considered contrary to generally recognized and accepted standards of morality."

What record? What evidence? What conduct? In the 1920s, Justice Holmes ruled that no one has a constitutional right to a particular government job. But thinking has begun to change. Many jurists now hold that one *does* have a constitutional right to it, if one proves his qualification for the opening and the bureaucrats cannot offer good, specific reasons for refusal. Just because one is a Negro, or just because one is a Jew is no longer considered a good reason for accepting refusal. Should an otherwise qualified homosexual accept rejection on the ground of homosexuality alone? This man said no; he and the ACLU went to court.

At the district court level they ran into the usual Comstockery, but in May, 1965, the U.S. Court of Appeals ruled that employment had been unfairly refused. In what may turn out to be a landmark declaration, Chief Judge David L. Bazelon ruled that the Civil Service Commission was wrong in not *specifying* the misconduct and in not permitting the applicant to defend himself against the accusations. Said Bazelon: "An applicant has a right to be free from governmental defamation . . . the government is required to justify imposing the stigma of disqualification for immoral conduct. With this stigma the commission also jeopardized his ability to find employment elsewhere." (Certainly true. While he awaited the outcome of the trial he got a job with the county of Fairfax, Va., but the Civil Service Commission released its secret files to county officials and he was fired.)

Bazelon ordered the government to give the complainant a hearing at which he could confront his accusers and attack each item of defamation. So far the government has refused, and the case is still working itself out in the courts. But there seems to be a good chance that this man will eventually win, and if he does, it will set a historic precedent—and not just for milder treatment for homosexuals. The principal point in this case is that it may establish a procedure of hearings whereby all job applicants can force the government to lay open their files and show exactly who has charged what. And if this is accomplished for new job applicants, it will of course easily be conveyed to probationary workers, who now have next to no rights and who frequently are kicked out of government work carrying a smear that they know nothing about except that thereafter they have trouble getting work in private industry.

(*To be continued next week*)

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A RAGE FOR AWARENESS

DONOVAN BESS
Mr. Bess is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

For a century, California has been good soil for spiritual, emotional, political and moral experiments. The state has been settled mainly by *émigrés* from the East, who hope to arrest the effects of illness and brake the aging process, or by younger men and women whose personalities were cramped by the American way of life. These persons came West unconsciously expecting some kind of salvation, or at the least a life more productive of thrills.

But since World War II, the pilgrims have encountered an environment souped up by the greatest military-fed electronic complex in the world. The aura of materialism is as great here as it is in Texas. During the postwar years, thus, social and personal crises have escalated, often to revolutionary intensity, and especially among younger persons. Until the 1950s, California's proliferation of psychiatric services was the main recourse of the disenchanted or the mentally ill. But "one-to-one" psychotherapy, which casts the analyst as a demigod, is now considered inappropriate—and antisocially expensive. True to the California taste for gaudy experiment, the discontented are moving toward democratic get-togethers in which healing or growth or faith, or all of these together, are produced in a new setting: groups in which every man is a potential demigod.

Forty years ago, California extremism was scorned by the serious-minded. They smiled at such grandiose productions as Upton Sinclair's campaign for governor, or Aimee Semple McPherson's religious circus. Today, the state's extremism has engaged thousands of highly educated men and women. On the one hand, there is Ronald Reaganism, and on the other a continuing revolt, led by the University of California's Berkeley campus, against a freezing of the educational alternatives. Even more radical is what Robert Scheer, managing editor of *Ramparts*, scoffingly calls "the psychedelic Left." But the largest volume of experimentation has been in adult get-togethers, convened in the name of "more awareness" or "greater consciousness." Most such groups are led by professionals, usually psychologists; but some do very well under lay leadership. A few groups have no leaders and are equipped only with "kits."

The usual group goal is to become more aware of other persons and of the environment and its cultural layers. The typical participants are lawyers and teachers and college-educated housewives; few blue-collar workers or members of minority groups indulge. The pay-off in awareness comes through bluntly honest verbal exchanges, meditation (often holding hands in circles), various body-contact experiments, old-fashioned intellectual inquiry, and even extrasensory adventures, when groups of six or less ingest a psychedelic agent like morning glory seeds, or an ego-reducing herb like marijuana. Mothers and fathers, in parent-development sessions, confess that they don't reach their children and "role play" their way to solving family problems. Executives, backed by corporation funds, mingle with subordinates, and through painful verbal wrestling reach a common human base.

The awareness capital of California is at Big Sur Hot Springs, on a bluff above the Pacific Ocean, about halfway between Los Angeles and San Francisco. A rambling building there houses The Esalen Institute, amid the heroic scenery described by Robinson Jeffers, who lived about 40 miles to the north. The institute exposes curious or desperate men and women to experiences euphemistically labeled "weekend seminars." Its youthful president, Michael Murphy, speaks for what he calls the "psychic astronauts" of California:

> Two thousand of them have come through here in the past four years. They seek some sort of enrichment and release from old patterns. Some of them are very healthy people who just feel they're not fully awake.
>
> These people are the raw and leading edge of what's going to amount to a cultural shift in our leading aspirations and values. . . . These attempts at self-renewal are growing in popularity because psychology has neglected those domains, because religion failed to provide the rich context for personal growth, because modern life has become so regulated and harried.
>
> Just as past cultures have made room for yogis, Zen adepts, contemplatives such as St. John of the Cross, so our society could create programs to develop modern psychic adepts—persons highly developed in realms of feeling, sensing and intuitive knowing.

California's awareness movement does not include the activities of the Sexual Freedom League which, while producing much gregarious nudity, insists less on greater consciousness than on freedom from prudery. And the movement does not countenance mass "turn-ons" with LSD. (One such occasion took place last spring at a garden party south of San Francisco, when a third of 300 guests disrobed and arranged themselves in a number of "love heaps." The occasion probably produced little awareness, as defined by Murphy.) However, the day may come when LSD will be a standard catalyst for awareness groups. An underground psychological encounter group in Southern California holds meetings at which everybody takes a dose of at least 100 micrograms of this hallucinogenic drug. They report some extraordinary therapeutic breakthroughs, because the chemical suspends the usual "ego games." (Marijuana has also been tried en masse by young California intellectuals; but the result seems to run mainly to frivolous escape.)

More and more the California experimenters are respecting, or welcoming, religious experience as a valid route to awareness. Men who ten years ago would have blushed to confess a belief in God, today boast of it. Even journalists admit "soft spots." George B. Leonard, a senior editor of *Look* magazine and its West Coast manager, told an audience: "What the mystics promised is upon us now, not out on some apocalyptic plain, but in the laboratory, the church, the classroom, the home. . . .

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We believe that most people can best find God and themselves through heightened awareness of the world, increased commitment to the eternal in time." Leonard was not speaking of California's traditional religious fringe groups which have flourished for a century, mainly in and about Los Angeles. That area still supports such organizations as the Institute of Cosmic Wisdom, the Self Realization Fellowship and Sufism Reoriented; but their appeal is chiefly to older persons.

A quite opposite approach to awareness was introduced into California last year by Rey Anthony (Maxine Sanini), author of *The Housewife's Selective Guide to Promiscuity*. She conducts "beginning and advanced sensuality workshops," and has a following of men and women who suffer from sexual confusion. They pair off and play such games as "tell me which part of your body you would like me to touch." Maxine says this makes them more aware of "pan-sensuality," which she defines as response of the entire body to any other body, regardless of sex, age or race. She likes to prepare people for such encounters by enrolling them first in "communications workshops," where the action is only verbal.

Body awareness groups are legion in the state. The most famous teacher of this approach is Bernard Gunther, a soft-spoken young man whose eyes seem to emit electricity. Late in September, during a "trips festival" on the San Francisco State College campus, he lured several hundred young people into building up one large mass of swaying bodies. He begins his classes by urging his pupils to "leave the reality of the verbal . . . and become the infinite thing you really are." During a recent session at Big Sur, his class included a physicist, a psychiatrist, an internist, a social worker, a church education director and a mathematics teacher. Gunther arranged his pupils in pairs and conducted them through a variety of mutual patting, thumping and stroking exercises. Finally he put out the lights, set a lit candle on the floor, and assembled all in a circle, hip to hip. The pupils swayed in the dim light to almost hypnotic incantations by Gunther. When it was over a young housewife told how radiant she felt and added: "We're all so head-oriented in our culture." A middle-aged teacher confided that the workout had bewildered his ego so severely that later in the evening he was unable to remember the names of several friends with whom he dined.

Gunther ran an even less orthodox weekend in September at a woodsy center in the Santa Cruz Mountains, under the auspices of "Eden West Seminars." The subject was "Keeping in Touch with Massage." At another Eden West awareness weekend, participants were kept in one room for fifty hours (they were permitted trips to the bathroom) and were required to participate in the nude.

Michael Murphy has become an impresario of "the human potential" at his Big Sur institute. Weekend seminars have featured Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike and S. I. Hayakawa; Prof. B. F. Skinner of Harvard; the late Paul Tillich; Dr. Jack Downing, organizer of a county mental health program at San Mateo; Albert Ellis, the sexuality expert—as well as "fringe" explorers.

Perhaps the most dramatic person on the Big Sur awareness scene is Dr. Frederick Perls, a 74-year-old renegade from Freudian psychoanalysis, who now lives there. He bluntly tells seminarians that individual psychotherapy is a waste of effort—at least when competent group work is available. Perls assembles his men and women in groups of from sixteen to forty and "works with" volunteers called forward one at a time. He sets up a contest with the person's defensive attitudes, whether manifested by body movements or words. An actor of some prowess, Perls can be as patient as a spider, as gentle as a young mother, as sudden as a rattlesnake. Those who don't "work" gain self-knowledge by intense watching and listening. During the past two years, dozens of tearful women have flung their arms around Perls, in appreciation of his genius. (He loves to kiss the young ones; and I have heard two of them say: "Fritz kisses better than any man I ever met.")

The Esalen seminar topics in recent months reflected California's awareness spectrum. The list includes:

"Bodily Release through Sports," led by a Stanford track coach and a psychologist; "Ramakrishna, Ramana and Krishnamurti," led by Alan Watts; "Non-Verbal Experience and Communication," led by staff members from the New School for Social Research of New York; "Status

(Continued on page 254)

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Week of the Angry Artist . . .

CURTIS HARNACK

The articles below, by Curtis Harnack and Max Kozloff, discuss some of the events held in New York from January 29 to February 5, under the general title of "The Angry Arts," in which writers, painters, poets, dancers, musicians, actors and film makers took part in a weeklong protest against American policy in Vietnam. Mr. Harnack teaches at Sarah Lawrence College and is the author of Persian Lions, Persian Lambs (*Holt, Rinehart & Winston*). *Mr. Kozloff is* The Nation's *art critic. Denise Levertov, author of "Advent 1966," was formerly* The Nation's *poetry editor.*

"We're angry! We're angry!" shouted poet Dick Lurie from a truck platform to the gathering street-corner crowd at the intersection of the Grand Concourse and Fordham Road. "We are poets and actors protesting the war in Vietnam!" Behind him the Pageant Players in motley costumes began cavorting to the jingle of a tambourine.

"We're here to make you happy!" chanted the Domino, as the players skipped around in front of the satiric backdrop of Johnson in Uncle Sam stripes. "Let's see those Colgate smiles! This is America, making the world happy. We drop presents from the sky . . . napalm bombs."

From the Bronx housewives: "You scum of the earth, you!"

"You yellow bastards, why aren't *you* in uniform?"

"What have you bums ever done—why don't you have a job?"

"We are here," said Lurie serenely into the microphone, "as part of the Angry Arts festival. All over New York City this week there are concerts, performances, exhibits and demonstrations in protest of our government's policy in Vietnam."

The crowd was increasingly vociferous, with shouts of "Treason!" and "Communists!" but the police held them at bay and Paul Blackburn mounted the truck to read from a thick sheaf, his voice lost in the general hubbub of the housewives. Dauntlessly, the poetry reading went on. Tony Weinberger began his verse: "I was born in America thirty years ago . . ." which ended with, "America, we will never again be believed by our children."

"My husband was in two wars—and *he* lived through it," came a loud voice. "It's just something that's got to be faced up to—you cowards!"

Poetry shouted from street corners, the muse in service to politics—did it make for good art, or effective politics? Or was that even the question? The poets' caravan which toured the city was largely manned by skinny-legged, bearded, East Village types, certain by their very appearance to antagonize most of the middle-class audience they sought to reach. "The way they dress—those beatniks, you know they're idiots," said one young Bronx matron with a child in a stroller. "They look like they're doped-up."

The poets were out to succeed politically; hadn't they thought of the defiance implicit in their garb? The relation between poetry and anger over the war was not very clear to the people who heard the performers of the caravan. The problem for the promoters of Angry Arts' week was to make the arts and anger a single, necessary combination.

At midweek in the Eisner auditorium of New York University the issue was joined. Robert Bly was in charge of what was advertised as a Napalm Poetry Reading. Beginning with some fine translations of current Vietnamese verse by Robin Morgan, there were readings by Muriel Rukeyser, who evoked village life in the Mekong with her "Delta Poems" (". . . a girl and a young man walk near the water"); Denise Levertov (". . . burned human flesh is burning in Vietnam as I write"); Robert Creely reading Robert Duncan's "Up Rising" [published in *The Nation*, September 13, 1965]; John Logan reading a poem of Isabella Gardner; Joel Oppenheimer with his poem for the occasion, "Tomorrow is Ground Hog Day," a line of which read: "I ask you to think just once, what you have done." Interspersed with these performances, colored slides of napalm-maimed Vietnamese children were flung upon a screen —photos taken by William Pepper. In the darkened auditorium Bly gave a chalk talk on the facts of weaponry, quoting from government sources, ordnance journals and the news magazines.

By the time Mitchell Goodman rose to the platform to say, "I confess I don't know why we're here—unless it is just to torment ourselves," it was a feeling many of us shared. The 700 or 800 people who jammed the auditorium needed no convincing about the horrors of the war. Quoting Shelley's "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world," Goodman asked: "Where were we three years ago—before any of this we've seen here tonight had happened?" His just composed poem, "Too Late," was an agonized self-indictment and led to the second phase of the meeting, the call for action. Everyone was aware how dangerous it could be to pour out emotion too easily by cathartic participation through events such as the Napalm Poetry Reading. An appeal was made to aid the Committee of Responsibility, which is seeking to treat the wounded Vietnamese children by transporting them to this country or Switzerland.

As the social-political aims became uppermost, did aesthetic standards wane? Critics of such affairs as the Napalm Poetry Reading suspect that sincerity and right thinking tend to supplant normal standards for good art—that in fact the poetic emotion and the political emotion are incompatible in the same breast. Such complaints are reminiscent of the 1930s or any other time when the artist has been asked to justify his talent and the privilege of being an artist by committing himself to the proper cause in the political arena. But what was new about today's situation was that the most active poets conscious of Vietnam were not misty-eyed idealists rising on the semblance of a literary talent to give voice; they included an extraordinarily large number of the leading writers in the country. Furthermore, they were thoroughly aware of the old arts-and-politics arguments. What surmounted all the wrangle was the need, as Mitchell Goodman put it, "to declare ourselves human."

And here, the poets felt, was their province, for who could better calibrate the chilling desensitization of Americans by just examining the current language of the war? Thus *Charlie* is the convenient code name muffling the

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necessity to feel the enemy as a man. *Lazy-dog*, scrutinized closely, is not just the ghoulishly ironic name of a shrapnel bomb but is charged with a linguistic valence of the sort poets traditionally seek, in their life-celebrating verse. The United States is like Germany in the early thirties, said Bly: "A golden ship drifting toward an iceberg—the iciness of desensitization." He quoted an Army report on why the new type of napalm was preferred to the old because it was found to be more effective, "*particularly with regard to adhesion.*" Attuned as the audience was to the resonance of language in the poetry readings, this ham-handed but chilling phrase proved horrifying—and also proved the point as to why poets were necessary at this time. It was their responsibility to fight and expose the desensitization of language, a symptom of the thickened sensibilities of the American people.

Bly read aloud a letter from a State Department official explaining why the U.S. Government could not participate in the transport of wounded Vietnamese children to hospitals in Europe or America in the Terre des Hommes project. The language used was the glib jargon of the social scientists—the "cultural shock" involved in removing the children to "an alien environment so far away from their homes and families . . . everything that modern psychology tells us advises us against such procedures. . . ." In effect one was hearing a kind of poetry in reverse. We heard these overfamiliar stock phrases afresh precisely because in this application they were so monstrous. We heard parts of speeches studded with statistics or the folksy patter of Johnson in a context that chilled the heart. Now the poets were not saying *listen to me*; they were saying *listen to them.*

On the following evening in the basement of the Washington Square Methodist Church a symposium was held on "The War, The Artist, His Work." Moderator Paul Goodman began the discussion by saying: "This meeting is a ritual affair. I don't know what other meaning it really has, except to register simple disgust. What will it do to end the war? The answer is nothing." But there was a "poison in the air" which needed to be named—what could be done about it was another matter. He proceeded to suggest various schemes that might really work toward ending the war, such as simultaneous draft-card burnings on campuses across the nation, 10,000 strong. But his comments ground down to a helpless admission that to organize such an underground movement, loaded with illegality, was simply not feasible—or at least *he* didn't know how such a thing could be done.

Harold Rosenberg put it bluntly: "What can art do in politics? Nothing except say, 'I'm against this war.' But to expect that you can produce a result is a dumb idea." Nevertheless, "you can't go about your business these days, *especially* if you're an artist. That is a disaster. Nobody can go about any creative work without having this thing over their shoulders." The fact was, "art cannot be itself without criticizing the world"; and he pointed out that we weren't having an Interior Decorators' Angry Week in protest—it is the special province of art to be concerned about such matters.

All this partially cleared the way for Robert Bly to denounce the climate of American literature during the past couple of decades, when writers under the unhealthy influence of the New Criticism subscribed to the strange doctrine that there could be a divorce of the world itself from the world of a poem. "We have therefore only the personal poet entangled in his own psyche." It would be hard to overestimate the significance of this, Bly maintained. Last year in his organization of anti-Vietnamese War poetry readings at universities throughout the country [see "Poetry of the Read-Ins," *The Nation*, May 30, 1966], he found many university officials who would have no part in these ventures, saying that poetry must be kept pure of politics (he mentioned the University of Washington, which had ironically hired and kept Theodore Roethke on its staff). Such a stupid notion, he insisted, could only be widespread because of the heritage of the New Critics—John Crowe Ransom and the whole lot. Even a fine poet like John Berryman, he said, had refused on similar grounds to participate in an anti-war reading at the University of Minnesota. For the writers of this country, therefore, a poet like Pablo Neruda was a revelation, "for some of his most powerful poems have political content." Too many of those poets who were

ADVENT 1966

Because in Viet Nam the vision of a Burning Babe
is multiplied, multiplied,
the flesh on fire
not Christ's, as Southwell saw it, prefiguring
the Passion upon the Eve of Christmas,

but wholly human and repeated, repeated,
infant after infant, their names forgotten,
their sex unknown in the ashes,
set alight, flaming but not vanishing,
not vanishing as his vision but lingering,

cinders upon the earth or living on
moaning and stinking in hospitals three abed,

because of this my strong sight,
my clear caressive sight, my poet's sight I was given
that it might stir me to song,
is blurred.
There is a cataract filming-over
my inner eyes. Or else a monstrous insect
has entered my head, and looks out
from my sockets with multiple vision,

seeing not the unique Holy Infant
burning sublimely, an imagination of redemption,
furnace in which souls are wrought into new life,
but, as off a belt-line, more, more senseless figures aflame.

And this insect (who is not there —
it is my own eyes do my seeing, the insect
is not there, what I see is there)
will not permit me to look elsewhere,
or if I look, to see except dulled and unfocussed
the delicate, firm, whole flesh of the still unburned.

DENISE LEVERTOV

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descended from the Ransom school of thinking, such as Howard Nemerov and W. D. Snodgrass, continued to explore their private worlds. Robert Lowell was the only one of that group of poets to take a strong public stand, he said, though his work itself seemed strangely devoid of antiwar content.

"How can poetry touch upon things like napalm bombing?" asked Bly. "The political poetry of the 1930s doesn't give much help in this direction because too much of it expresses opinion, merely. Because of the tradition of the personal poems in this country, these poems are only part of the poet's change of personality and have no further meaning." The poets today must "write out of their own ego and into a larger ego. . . . The political poet must be like a grasshopper and leap into the psyche of the nation."

This attack upon the New Criticism and its inability to deal with the facts of the contemporary world was met with glee by Maxwell Geismar. "I've been sitting out the cold war, the silent generation. To have the thing turn full circle . . . as I'm hearing tonight —this is very exciting. I'm hearing a poet make fun of the poets I grew up with."

Geismar spoke of his failure ever to get James Jones or William Styron to sign a political statement or testimony; he took their behavior, so uncharacteristic of them personally and so out of keeping with the nature of their artistic thrusts, to be the dead hand of the "silent generation" and the doctrine of the New Criticism, which arbitrarily set up a division between the artist and his time. "This meeting tonight is important —it's *not* a ritual. It marks the celebration of the arts of *life*!"

Geismar, who is well known as an anti-Jamesian, cited him as a typical, even central figure of the cold-war culture. Henry James, "with his inner fantasies, his personal world, a world that never *did* exist except in the peculiar mind of the artist himself," was the culpable spirit behind the American writer's failure to deal with reality in the forties and fifties.

In the audience, Marguerite Young, whose grumblings over Bly's slander of John Crowe Ransom were audible, now called in a firm voice: "Let's talk about the Vietnam war, not Henry James!"

Geismar was willing to chuck the subject of James, but he thought the Hiss case must be mentioned as a key factor of the last twenty years. Bly tried to get the topic back to the artist and the war, but Rosenberg began pulling in another direction: "I want to talk about the demoralization of the American Left—to be historical . . . we must go back to the Communist movement of the thirties and the Stalin take-over." The groaning objections from the audience rose to drown him out. The meeting became increasingly chaotic. Coming round front, standing almost at the speakers' table, a young Negro began making a speech.

"State your proposition—what is your point?" shouted moderator Goodman, but the audience would have none of it.

"Let him talk," someone called, "he's got more to say than you do." But the gist of the address was chiefly that not enough of the audience was Negro. "You talk of writing having to do with reality," he said to Goodman, "and Mr. Geismar mentioned Dreiser as the only writer in this century who dealt with reality; now what I want to know is: What makes you think your reality is *my* reality?"

There was continued heckling on the artist's responsibility. "When does the artist become a political animal—and stop hiding behind his art?" But before any discussion on that could be gone into, another rose to suggest a massive boycott of museums and galleries, with blank spaces in the newspaper columns where normally advertisements would be carried. "Get *scientists* not artists to protest," said another, "then the country would listen." A poet from the caravan told of a riot at 137th Street and Broadway that afternoon, when their truck was stormed by a mob of Cuban exiles. Some of the poets had been beaten up. "Now if a few really big-name poets, instead of small-fry like us—if *Bly* had been with us and got his ass kicked, then something could be made of it. It's names that get into the papers."

Another, identifying himself as of the New Left, chided the old Left for passing the buck. He was busy organizing a group to go to Hanoi and rebuild bridges. "Don't pass the buck—to the artist, as this audience is doing tonight. *You* do what you think is right."

Now a poet who had been on the caravan street travels said angrily: "You guys sit there talking about art. But what are you really doing except sitting here talking?"

"Don't be so pretentious about what you've done in the street," said Leon Golub, one of the panelists. "Some of the rest of us have—"

"All I can say," cried a woman in the middle of the audience, rising to her feet, "all I can say is, it's a good thing

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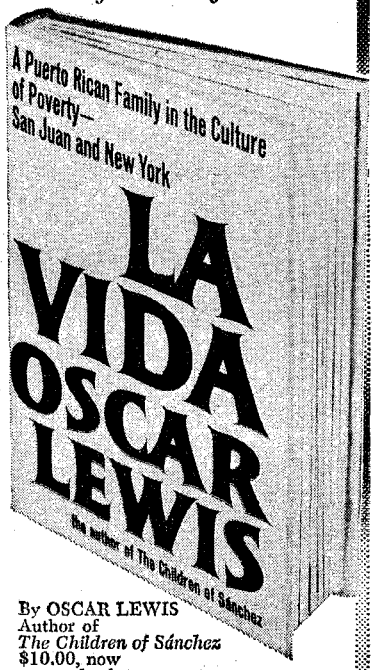
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RANDOM HOUSE

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the government is running the country!"

There was immediate silence.

"I've never attended such a disgraceful and disorganized meeting!"

In the hush someone said: "This is what anger looks like!" And everyone laughed.

As the meeting finally dispersed in its own chaotic fashion, a pretty girl at the door accepted contributions—passing the "hat," which appropriately enough was a toy U.S. Army helmet. There was a curious excitement and exhilaration in the air, despite the bickering and confusion of the discussion—which was what the minister of the church, our host, was trying to respond to when he stood on a chair and called to the people going home: "That such a thing could happen here—what happened tonight, makes me very grateful to you for having come. Let's meet again!"

He had been cheered by the evening's expression of a moral outrage and a willingness to do something about it. I knew that the assembly had actually been a prime illustration of why many poets and writers held back from joining the raggle-taggle ranks of political action and protest. Never had the woeful imperfection of man's abilities to reason aloud in committee been more amply demonstrated. By contrast, I thought of the usual condition of the artist: sole master of his discourse, cleanly emitting his poem to the best of his own ability. Exposure to a group process such as we had seen tonight could seem only a pitiful, even painful corollary to what he was used to doing better alone, and to his sole purpose.

But tonight, also, our panelists—with their hang-ups on the New Criticism, Henry James and the old Left—had by very reason of their all too human bias and limitations, shown us something else. At some point the artist might perceive that the maddening imperfections of the political arena were preferable—even desirable—compared to a silence or aloofness which could no longer be justified. The apolitical writer had always felt it to be his right to ignore the appeals of the social-action promoters. It might still be his right, but for a writer to ignore the Vietnamese situation could no longer be a mere oversight, or an expression of disinterest in "the subject." It became, rather, a judgment of him.

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. . . A Collage of Indignation

MAX KOZLOFF

To write of art and politics in the United States in 1967 is surely to court *futility in a context of provocation.* And yet, to ignore the subject in print (however much it may prey privately on the mind) is to repress an urgency that makes the misgivings of an art critic almost weasel-like. It is the predicament of trying to resolve divergent obligations—intellectual and moral—which public life in this country is always prying further apart, with stupefying results. There is nothing like a national crisis—and the war in Vietnam is a crisis raised to the pitch of horror—to make aesthetic pursuits look pitifully insignificant. But there is also nothing like such a crisis to cause some of us to rethink the nature of our role as men involved or concerned with creativity.

We are in a time when the public that is aware of art assimilates all *avant-garde* hypotheses into an apparatus of mild titillation. It is the obverse of our insensitivity to the war images, the photos of burnt Vietnamese children, which daily flood it. How can a people that does not choke with revulsion and guilt at this visual evidence of its government's actions be in the least responsive to art's involuted censure? And how can artists who have all this time been hyper-defensive about their autonomy as creators, strive consciously to reach this population, and still view themselves as artists? What is more, the enormity of American war crimes abroad is accompanied by a permissiveness toward freedom of artistic speech at home which neutralizes the artist's tension and confuses his protest. Ends and means are turned inside out in this atmosphere, stigmatized by agitation and anesthesia. It is frightful to consider how insistently the present circumstances make a mockery of so much of current art's Dadaist presumption to operate within the "gap" between art and life. That gap never appeared wider.

By that very evidence, however, there would seem to be—in fact, there must be—*more* room in which to operate, rather than less. To the argument that the processes of visual art are metaphorical and ritually self-contained, whereas individual or collective "action" must be pragmatic and literal, I reply that we are probably guilty of a failure of imagination. In our situation, both metaphor and action are vital to existence. There is a level on which actions cannot focus or connect without the inner, intangible guidance of a vision. There is also a level on which the dream of a visual order will fade without the capacity to inflect human behavior, in whatever fashion, direct or indirect. The failure of imagination on the part of the public is its blindness to the truths behind socio-political protests or documentary images (let alone art). The comparable fault of the artists is their piety about art's boundaries. One perspective is phenomenally coarse; the other is excessively delicate.

What makes this condition so paradoxical is that both sides back away from limitless anxiety, as if from a menace that can be so little controlled that it must be ignored. But in the words of Karl Jaspers: "Large numbers, particularly of modern people, seem to live fearlessly because they lack imagination. There is, as it were, an impoverishment of the heart. The freedom from anxiety is but the other side of a deeper loss of freedom. Arousal of anxiety and with it a more vital humanity might be just the task for someone possessed by *Eros paidagogos* (informing passion)." In this

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light, insulation from disturbance, and a refusal to work to minimize one's own complicity in it, may become signs of an anxious rigidity. Yet, if there is one activity that is possessed of "informing passion" (Jaspers was thinking of psychotherapy), it is surely art. Notwithstanding the personal imperatives of extremely disparate styles (one of the strengths of current American art), the pictorial and sculptural work we see is charged with a proper disquietude. Or rather, a latency that can be read as such. Never in the last hundred years, has a serious, *avant-garde* art been so caught up with the confounding issues and pressures of its society—which is not to say at all that ours is a "protest" art. The crucial factor is precisely art's human latency, and how it can be grasped to produce a catharsis of "pity and fear" that does not dissipate after the experience but resonates as an image in the memory. Not purgation or exorcism of the demon—be it as specific as racial injustice, violence in the streets or the pitilessness of technology—but an aesthetic capable of holding its qualities in suspense, is the healing-wounding power of the work of art. But for others to feel that power their attention must be concentrated and attuned to the psychological ambiguities which forms may arouse within themselves. Just as art proposes simultaneously to be a manipulative and an optional experience, so must the spectator be credulous, and yet also detached. To complicate this state of affairs even more, ours is an age reverberating, as none earlier, with the presence of the visual image, a fact which has also brought about an unprecedented, and often justified, numbness before that very image.

Such are roughly the prevailing conditions under which we have seen the conclusion of a remarkable week of manifestations against the war, entitled overall, "The Angry Arts" (although surely, as many have pointed out, it would be more accurate to say, "angry artists"). The distinction between an actual antiwar iconography, and works that only "stood for" the individual's personal attitude, was sometimes waived or muddled, but the public sympathy for the programs (which were often mobbed) was unequivocal. One would be hard put to find in the history of the American arts anything to match this multi-organized demonstration of solidarity whose theme was one of outrage in the face of a national contempt for the life of other men. Of the dance, theatre, poetry and film, I withhold comment, particularly through lack of competence, but also because in their narrative structures and discursive potentialities they are amenable to political content. But painting and sculpture, mute and immobile, provide special problems. The section of the event to which more than a hundred artists in these media contributed was a linked sequence of twenty 10x6-foot many-imaged canvases, shown in the Loeb Student Center of New York University, and labeled, collectively, "Collage of Indignation."

Not since the WPA thirties has there been any tradition of political activism in American art. And for an immensely longer period it has been against their grain for visual artists to dispel their own sense of privacy and isolation, to work, yoked together in more or less the same space, for an immediate, short-term assault against a public attitude. Leaving aside the motley illustrations of the Neo-Impressionists in the anarchist press of their time, one thinks of the manifestations of the Surrealists as the only fierce outcry prior to the depression of a committed group of artists against the *status quo*—in work, significantly enough, that was restricted to the nonpictorial. (Yet, as Harold Rosenberg writes, "Breton and his group, while continuing its radical attack on the existing order, stubbornly rejected any substitute for the surrealist project of total liberation of individual desire and imagination. He sensed that to renounce feeling in favor of social action, meant not only to surrender a chief source of revolutionary vitality, but to lose the human standpoint from which to criticize revolutionary catchwords.") In the next decade, there were "Guernica" and the Mexican muralists, high-water points of art's rage against officially sanctioned brutality. For the rest, there are the vituperations of Grosz, the proletarian compassions of Kollwitz, the acerbic illustrations of Ben Shahn. And underneath them all, the propaganda posters of all nations, often enough academic in style, but frequently, as in Germany, expressionist in outlook. It is here, in the frenzy of Expressionism, that the Loeb Center artists, perhaps involuntarily and certainly discordantly, have tried to enfranchise their protest.

I say discordantly because this aesthetic wailing wall, this convocation of clichés and cretinisms, which was the "Collage of Indignation," was alienated and homeless in style, as it was embattled in content. Festooned with imprecations against Johnson as a murderer, and with phalluses colored in as American flags, it contained other visual combines even more impolite. Frequently one saw a viciousness that was determined to match what it was ostensibly exposing. As for the physical embodiment of this cataclysmic message, it might charitably be described as a nasty, degraded Expressionism, long ago discredited as an atavism in the history of American art.

The problem was not just that artists who had stripped themselves of everything but sincerity were still clothed in borrowed rags. Or that their response to a current situation was rendered in a vocabulary of the past. And still less is it that there were no kernels of truth in what they implied. The problem, rather, was in a failure of a quality of mind, or artistic imagination, which had not solved the rhetorical goal to which the common effort had been legitimately directed. Striving to elicit disgust against a vast outer evil, the artists only riveted distaste upon their own work. In its tawdriness and slovenliness, this art became the self-sacrificing target which opened itself to arrows of denial that it had wanted to channel into the American reality. Instead of illustrating, or alluding to the destructiveness of our country's military-industrial complex, it had obtusely and painfully acted it out. These "indignant artists" have become the casualties of a malaise—the embittering of the individual by the moral

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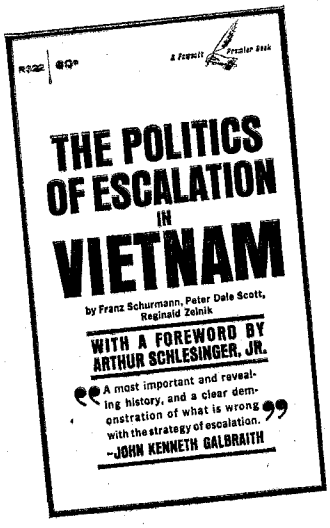
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diffusion of the society—that many of their colleagues, during this extraordinary week, had confessed to as well.

Now I wonder if I have not also been sharing in this illness, or perhaps have been totally uncomprehending, when I impose, at least in part, aesthetic criteria upon a phenomenon which may be only nominally art. Surely this would be the last standard on which these artists care to be judged. In fact, their indifference to any kind of judgment was one of the most upsettingly original things about this "exhibition." If, in their passion and peculiar bravery they can chuck aside all artistic motivation, a critic can perhaps forgo his own professional scruples. The demands of immediacy, of directness of appeal, exceed a piddling aestheticism and, very possibly, form itself. These artists have demonstrated that they have vitality and conscience apart from what happens in their studios. Yet, I am afraid that it is not a question of direct appeal with which we are dealing, but a kind of visual expletive, a blurting forth at any cost to obtain emotional relief.

Looked at from any further perspective, such as that of effecting a spiritual or material change, the situation becomes very dubious indeed. Far from being an incarnation of activist art, the Loeb Center show was a spectacle of introversion. No one will "act" on the strength of such hysteria, however pure. By contrast, the indirection and ambivalence of ambitious art (Rosenquist's chrome-plated barbed wire is an example) is socially formulated because it is "distanced" by its creator. However, it is too sophisticated to produce any specific alteration in the body politic. And the more the war escalates, and the mood of the country uglifies, the more the function of such art will seem evasive, unreal. In scores of conversations, I have not met one artist who is truly unalarmed by what he can see or guess in the environment around him. But I have encountered many who are so entangled by the conflicting claims of ethics and métier that they mask out their concern with a kind of melancholy fatalism. They are so convinced of their powerlessness that they *become* powerless. Or rather, they *will* it into being.

But none of this is in the least foreordained. It could have been that the absentees (they tended to represent the more affluent, abstract, better-known practitioners in their field) almost foresaw the subordinate theme of immolation that ran through "The Angry Arts," and declined to participate, almost out of a sense of self-preservation. Many were the contributions that exhibited this hor-

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rified empathy with the victims of American napalming. Before such an issue of charred flesh most other concerns became secondary. And it was from this feat of desperate imagination, even though the thought threatened innumerable artists, that the week of anger produced some of its most lasting effects. The poet Robert Bly presented color slides of burned peasants, interspersed with readings of poetry; the dancer Meredith Monk stood nude as a film projector played raging fire over her body—to the accompaniment of *Greensleeves*! And the ceramicist Jeff Schlanger composed an unforgettable poster, which was plastered over New York. In its upper photo, a man's hand strikes a lighter close to the palm of a child (this captioned by the question: "Would you burn a child?"). Underneath, a tabloid shot of a burned Vietnamese child held by its mother, has the legend: "When necessary." Its compounded meanings and ironies worked on multiple levels, and yet were so drastically simple in effect that art and propaganda were blended with high purpose. If the object, instead of a mass-produced poster, had been a painting sensuously exciting in its own right, one could glimpse very well the direction some artists might go. Such particularity of reference is no more a sullying of art than sensory richness is a token of indulgence. But to find the crystallization of metaphor and language which would kindle an audience to an antiwar purpose (and avoid the pitfalls of the "Collage" artists) is still beyond the imagination, if not the talents and energies of current painters.

No one can measure the impact of such a phenomenon as "The Angry Arts." But a phenomenon it was: a raising of the voice, sometimes even a carrying to the streets, of dissent by artists who can articulate and dramatize what is, or should be, on the conscience of groups much larger than themselves. That they have been roused on such a scale, to such an extremity—that they have received so much attention—is a heartening sign. Because of their "uselessness," society views artists with a certain incredulity, but also with a certain fear. It dimly perceives how much art cuts away repressions and stereotypes in its impulse, not toward power (which governments can at least understand) but toward psychic freedom. A day may come when the creative forces in this country will have to fight for their lives, placed in hopeless, unnatural constraint by the energies of destruction. But in that vision, I hope that I am being very, very overimaginative.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

Alain Resnais' *La Guerre Est Finie*, an exceedingly well-made and sufficiently compelling film, is in danger of being defeated by the extravagant praise of its American notices. Except for a most successful structural innovation, to be described in a moment, it is not an extraordinary work, and the suggestion that it must be seen two or three times to grasp its complexities will, I think, puzzle more viewers than it convinces.

Yves Montand, who dominates the picture, plays a member of the Spanish Communist underground who has been operating in Madrid for many, many years at the risk of his life and the cost of whatever career he might otherwise have had. He has come to Paris at a moment of great peril for the movement and is there confronted with a variety of illusions about the progress of revolution in Spain. His party superiors wish to advance according to a doctrinaire program for the popular seizure of power. His mistress wants to go back to Madrid with him, and is hurt by the suggestion that his life there is already sufficiently in hazard. Through a girl who has been instrumental in saving his life and with whom he has an abrupt affair, he meets a group of young idealists who dismay him by their impatience with ideologies and tactics and their faith in the curative powers of *plastique*. To all these, Montand seems slack, disillusioned, bereft of vision and hope. It is not true, but he has no way of convincing them—as traditionally the men who fight have been unable to convince the men who plan that wars are won more by endurance than by blueprints. Elegant, exhausted, resilient and courageous without illusion, Montand is impressive.

Nevertheless, it is a familiar tale and

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it takes a long time in the telling (there is also a thriller subplot, with the motives of the French police probably not what they appear to be on the surface). The ideas fall into place with smooth familiarity and the people have a depressing way of turning out to be exactly what they seem at first glance. The picture gives the impression of being always at the point of breaking loose from its formula, but in retrospect it has never done so.

The exception to this is Resnais' inventive handling of Montand's interior monologue. The style of the picture is *cinema verité*—gray skies, newsreel camera angles, cramped interiors. The editing is chronologically straightforward, except that when Montand thinks ahead to a coming test, when he speculates about what may happen, his imaginings are introduced with no break in the narrative flow and no change of style. Thus we see him planning to catch a train, and a moment later see him catching it; we see a dozen girls emerging from a Paris apartment gateway as he tries to imagine what his unknown benefactor might look like; we see disasters occurring as he sets his plans to avoid them.

At first, the jumps are disconcerting, but you soon learn to trust the basic clock of the film and can then take the interior passages in stride. The method produces an illusion of subjective insight much more powerful than the usual "identification" which is felt primarily in the muscles and nerves. Resnais gets you inside his hero's mind—altogether a more compelling experience. The device also offers possibilities for conveying psychological narrative information that Resnais only begins to explore in this picture. It is notable, for example, that although Montand worries a great deal about what may be happening to his comrades still in Spain, these thoughts never break into the picture track. The idea, presumably, is that he cannot allow himself to "see" what he fears may be taking place. The opportunities provided by this editing "within the brain" of the characters are obviously enormous. Resnais used similar approaches in *Hiroshima* and *Marienbad*, but he has now advanced to an easy mastery of the shift from exterior event to inner monologue that "reads" smoothly in the flow of the picture. It is a brilliant, utterly cinematic device.

If we are ever to overcome racial antagonism in this country, Negroes will have to disabuse themselves of their romantic notions as to how white people behave toward one another. Or so it occurs to me from having seen *Sweet Love, Bitter*, an independent film made in New York by Herbert Danska and Lewis Jacobs, starring Dick Gregory and Don Murray. Gregory, a jazz musician who can't get a cabaret license because he is a dope addict, befriends Murray, who is headed for skid row after having killed his wife in a car accident. The Negro helps the white man to pull himself together, and the white man fails the Negro in a moment of violence. The betrayal hurts so deeply that the Negro goes off on a final, fatal narcotic binge.

But race has nothing to do with the betrayal. Murray plays the kind of well-intentioned weakling who will always collapse in a tight spot; part of the art of survival, whatever your color, is learning to recognize the type and not being surprised when it lets you down. So unless the film means to say that Negroes can become friends only with morally flimsy whites—an absurd hypothesis—it is sociologically irrelevant.

A picture is under no compulsion to make a social point, but the tone of *Sweet Love, Bitter* and Gregory's record in the civil rights movement suggest that it intends to teach a lesson. What it teaches, though, is the difficulty of distinguishing racism from the general human squalor.

Gregory plays his first dramatic role in a mood of cool violence, an implacable clowning, that is utterly convincing and almost physically painful to watch. It is a pose that too many talented Negroes adopt today—too many, because, while the reason for it is clear enough, still clearer is the fact that its principal victim is the man who adopts it. Gregory's characterization says a great deal more about the black-white situation than does the story in which he plays. The dialogue, what I could hear of it, is stiff with irony; a good part of it is lost in the mumble of jive talk and an inferior sound track.

THEATRE

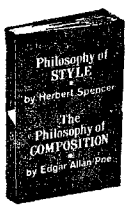
HAROLD CLURMAN

Norman Mailer's *The Deer Park* (Theatre de Lys) is a good show. There are pretty ladies in it, attractive clothes, handsome men, a hint of Hollywood glitter, some silken writing and several ideas. It provides a more absorbing evening than most uptown drama. It is not a good play.

It would be insulting to Mailer at this point to say that he has talent. If the play he has made from his 1955 novel about the capital of the movie industry and its infernal suburbs in the opulent desert doesn't hit the target, it is not from lack of skill or poverty of material. The fault lies deeper.

There's a peculiar confusion in it, a variety of intentions. The basic plan is to portray two near artists at opposite poles of their careers. The first is Sergius O'Shaugnessy, a young man just released from the Air Force who enters upon the American scene immediately after the war in which he had occasion to drop jellied gasoline on Japanese citizens and to down three enemy planes. He narrates the play's incidents. Sensitive and bright, he is not yet a formed person. He might possibly develop into a writer of merit or he might conceivably become a film star. He is a promise.

The central character of the play, Charles Francis Eitel, is a better than average motion picture director in his middle forties, educated, good-looking, of an intelligence distinctly superior to his surroundings. He has never made



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the kind of film he feels qualified to produce. Though certainly not a Communist, he volunteered to fight on behalf of Republican Spain and has thus run foul of the "Subversive Committee." Blacklisted by the industry as an uncooperative witness and sentenced to a term in prison for contempt of Congress, he is now back in the lap of luxury at a resort which goes by the name of Desert d'Or. He hopes for a comeback, resolved to direct his own script and make a Great picture.

Eitel is a flawed man. His promiscuity, his divorce, his indulgence in the perquisites of easy success have incapacitated him for self-realization. He compromises with the Hollywood big shots, he has a hectic affair with an intensely neurotic girl. When he settles down fitfully in marriage he is stricken by a heart attack. The strain of his life has destroyed him.

Sergius who has been befriended by Eitel is compassionate and horrified. At the nodal point of the Hollywood hell stands Marion Faye, a bisexual pimp who embodies (or symbolizes?) the self-loathing and conscious nihilism latent in the environment. Both Eitel and Sergius (two faces of the same figure at different stages of development) see in Marion the extreme degradation of the world they inhabit. Eitel resists it but succumbs because he has imbibed too much of its poison. Sergius sees Marion as the emblem of a society so debased that only total destruction can cleanse it.

Mailer in some measure identifies himself with all three men. In addition, he has a fixation on the surge and flow of the sexual instinct, regarding it as the nexus through which the affective and creative forces in man may achieve integration. For all his effort, Mailer fails to make his sexual *mystique* convincing.

The entirely credible facts of the play's milieu are stated clearly enough, but they are true only to the degree that a map represents a place. It is all surface and explanation. What we miss is living impact on our spirit and senses. The dramatization of sex is forced and dry, never stirring. (This may be one reason why the play's verbal obscenities, bolder than any previously heard on our stage, do not excite or shock.) I can accept Mailer's interpretation of the central situation in *The Deer Park*, but I have no feeling of having made contact with the flesh of human aspiration and suffering that it should convey.

There are exceptions. Two characters emerge with astonishing comic verve. The lesser is Carlyle Munshin, a producer, who collaborates in and deforms Eitel's would-be masterpiece. Even better—a triumph of caricature—is Herman Teppis, boss of Supreme Pictures.

In this disarming monster, this lachrymose villain, Mailer sums up a broad aspect of American character and life. Aggressive, voracious, predatory, Teppis is altogether sincere in his professions of benevolence, humanitarianism, commitment to the accredited virtues. Everything presumably good and actually evil coexists in him without his being in the least embarrassed by the contradiction. He is a bulldozer gushing with affection as he rips into and flattens his subjects. He exudes universal kindness, unquestioning patriotism. He hasn't a single base motive, but he must have his way. It is the only right way, sanctioned by flag and Constitution and the two religions he has embraced (he is also cordial to the Mohammedan). We are strangled by his gorilla tenderness.

The play gives the impression of a slick movie, an impression heightened by a technique of episodic exposition in terse intercut scenes. The fact that it deals in reality but does not project as real leads to a question which is also a paradox: why should the objectively delineated characters — Teppis and his appendage Munshin — prove so much more vivid than those wrought from Mailer's inner being?

The two wholly realized characters have been studied by the author with an adult, a dispassionate mind; the others spring from the self-absorption of a boyish heart. He has something in him of a brilliant kid, an immensely gifted adolescent, tumescent with sensibility, ideas, instruction, intuitions, unable to organize all this and give it a body independent of himself. He stands in the way of his own vision. A lack of artistic discipline is evident, for example, in the last twenty minutes in which he muses and philosophizes to no effect.

The play is well cast. Leo Garen's direction tends to stress external characterization: details of behavior and speech. Though this produces a certain effectiveness it often exposes the script's shallows. Ann Roth has dressed the actors knowingly, and Will Steven Armstrong manages with comparatively modest means to lend his all-purpose set a Hollywood shimmer.

Hugh Marlowe has a gratifyingly resonant voice and plays with good sense but only suggests the torment in Eitel. Rip Torn's Marion Faye is sharper as image and presence than as a person. Gene Lindsey can be little more than sympathetic in the sketchy part of Sergius. (The use of Sergius to recall the play's events and comment on its meaning is in any case a dubious device.) The women — Rosemary Tory, Beverly Bentley, Margret O'Neill — all look right and give themselves devotedly to their roles.

Mickey Knox has the oily bluff and energy for Munshin. Will Lee, a talented and endearing actor with subtle gifts in gesture and movement, paints the clown in Teppis rather than the devouring Gorgon. But these notes on the actors are to be viewed in relation to factors in production not of their making.

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as an Evil Motive," led by a psychologist who lived through a psychosis induced by an LSD experience; "An Encounter Group for Families"; "Intensive Marathon Group Experience" (a therapy that ran from 8 A.M. Friday for twenty-four hours straight, with emotional breakthroughs popping up out of the exhaustion); "Discovering the Here and Now Self," in which a UCLA psychologist employed "alternate periods of meditation and group encounter for our personal enrichment," and a weekend when video tape was used to "enable the individual to confront himself in action to clarify attitudes toward himself."

This fall the institute will push on further with: "Mask, Myth and Dream," in which Joseph Campbell, author of *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, will seek to connect his 20th-century seminarians with the mythic qualities which, according to Jung, are part of everyone's psychic inheritance; "The Evolution of Love and Awareness," led by Dr. Ashley Montagu, anthropologist-author-social biologist (it will include consideration of "nonverbal acts of communication which begin to be operative before birth"); "Training the Senses and the Emotions," led by Dr. Sidney Cohen, America's most experienced medical experimenter with LSD.

This past summer, scores of the men and women attending the Big Sur sessions have beefed up their awareness with special treatments (at $35 an hour) from Ida P. Rolf, a biochemist from New York City who has developed a system called "structural integration and postural release." She reorganizes muscular relationships by deep probing and fierce pressures, from toe to head. The body is said to behave in a much more integrated way after this painful work, and Dr. Rolf's patients usually report a corresponding emotional release.

The mainstream of California's awareness quest comes from the Esalen Institute, or through it. Psychologists from the East make it a stopping place when they visit the West Coast. But a few California consciousness-seeking groups are paddling away from the mainstream. One of these is the Guild for Psychological Studies, founded twenty-five years ago by the late Dr. Fritz Kunkel and Elizabeth Howes, a Jungian psychotherapist. Each summer the guild holds seminars on a 257-acre, sylvan retreat in Lake County. The groups usually investigate a theme from early myth or discarded religion, thereby increasing the flow between their unconscious minds and their daily conscious lives. Another group, San Francisco Venture, concentrates more on Christian values in weekend seminars at Pescadero, near the Pacific. One of their more dramatic groups is run by Jerry Smith, a marriage counselor, and his wife. Families learn to share by various techniques, including painting murals together.

The most pyrotechnic of the encounter groups are the "square games" that stemmed from the Synanon movement for curing narcotic addicts. "We have only two rules," said Dan Garrett, a square-game master. "No violence or offers of violence, and no chemicals (such as LSD)." The players sometimes make brutal personal attacks on one another. They must feel it does them good, for 150 persons are on waiting lists for playing space in Northern California alone. "It's good for you the way playing tennis is," Garrett said. "You may even find you can get along with your old lady, after a few games. You get a more flexible view of life. You don't get stuck in the old Aristotelian categories."

Less explosive, but more prevalent, are the many "T-groups" in which all kinds of middle-class men and women strive to be honest emotionally. The University of California Extension even has a "class" in T-grouping—a method devised by an existential psychologist, Carl Rogers, a staff member at the Western Behavioral Sciences Institute in La Jolla. (He has proposed that his technique be considered as a way to make top Washington administrators more human in their contacts with foreign negotiators.) The graduate School of Business Administration at UCLA is particularly taken with this approach. A professor there has tried it out on football players, with the result in one case, that a halfback found he was able to express rather subtle feelings toward teammates, became less hostile toward some of his fellow players, and improved team efficiency. A San Francisco psychologist took a score of business executives out to sea on the California Maritime Academy ship, the *Golden Bear*. They spent three tense days locked up with their own emotional interactions, and returned to port prepared to conduct themselves with greater emotional honesty, both in the office and at home.

Another order of awareness groups emphasizes creativity. The most innovative protagonist of this approach is Eugene Sagan, a Berkeley psychotherapist who has organized The Institute for Creative and Artistic Development. He got the idea while taking modern dance lessons, and has borrowed ideas from Stanislavsky, founder of the Moscow Art Theatre, University of California sociologist Erving Goffman, Dr. Perls and the Bauhaus. Sagan works in collaboration with an educator, an oil painter, a free-flow dancer and an actor.

Awareness through creation is also practiced in San Francisco by A. A. Leath, a bearded modern dancer who co-starred with Ann Halprin in *Birds of America, The Five-Legged Stool* and other *avant-garde* productions. He holds weekly classes in "how to use movement creatively." Last summer, during one class, eight of his students decided to do "something creative" about a husky young man who, they felt, was too embarrassed to be spontaneous in his movements. They executed a "pile up" on him: held him flat on his back until he screamed obscenities at them so loudly that they let him up. "He's doing very well now," said Leath, with a mysterious smile.

But the ultimate in awareness training is being offered by the controversial Free University of Berkeley, which is sponsored by nonconformists who reject the Educational Establishment. They provide, along with a good deal of "radical strategy and philosophy," a course by Richard Alpert, a young psychologist who was ejected from Harvard along with Timothy Leary for unacademic LSD experiments with undergraduates. Alpert's course, called "Journey into Awareness," includes "methods of breaking the subject-object barrier, vertical and horizontal confusion, and maintaining new levels of consciousness."

Vertical or horizontal, all roads in California today lead to the expanded consciousness.

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